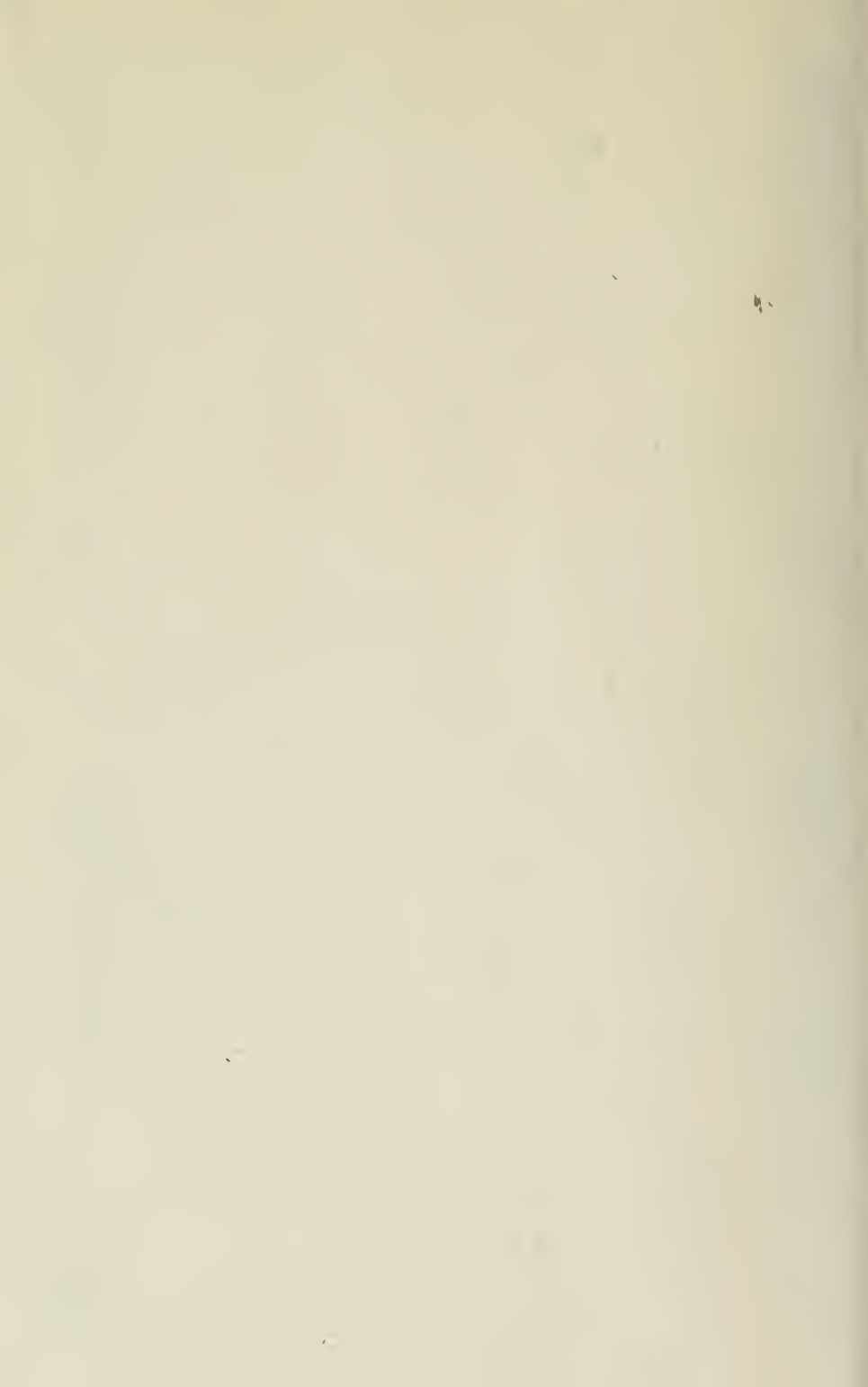


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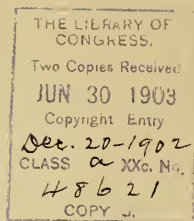
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SNOMISH AND SOOSOON

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BY

WILLIAM B FELTS

The legend is old, yea, the story was told
By warriors hoar, as an ancient tradition,
When Lewis and Clark came to proudly unfold
The Flag of the Free where the Oregon rolled.
The Red Men, who loved to rehearse it, their mission
Fulfilled. They are gone. Lo! the conquerors hold
The empire. The tale has no more repetition.

The cedarn pirogue and the rawhide canoe
No more split the waves with adventurous prores.
No more where the towering evergreens strew
Their shadows in glades where the sun ogles through
Are gardens rude tilled for precarious stores.
No more strolls the brave with a maiden to woo
And win her his wife by remurmuring shores.

One century! presto! what changes are wrought!
The turbulent steamboat the great river blotches.
The thunderbolts, yoked in the chariots of thought,
The ends of the wide world together have brought.
Man e'en for the air-car impatiently watches.
Behold how the iovers the lovees have taught
To scorch down the earth on machines in their crotches.

One summer, a summer of long years ago,
The tribes were encamped where tall Castle Rock stands.
The game was abundant for shaft and for bow.
The salmon were swarming the waters below
And heaped in huge ricks on the litter-strewn sands.
The squaws toiled content. The papooses did crow,
At peace. Danced and reveled the copper-skinned bands.

Above, on the pinnacle crags, day by day,
Some young brave keeps vigil, with eyes eagle keen.
Tomorrow Multnomah will sentinel play,
In warpaint first donned, and in chieftain plumes gay.
Today in proud tests he came forth with the sheen
Of prowess and prudence thrown bright on his way.
Now many a maiden would fain be his queen.

Aurora had shot the first shaft from her quiver,
But far up the cliffside Multnomah was clinging.
One slip and his young life goes back to its Giver;
His young form rolls wrecked to the marge of the river:
But slowly his nerves and his muscles are bringing
Him where he himself can from peril deliver.
The hopes of his bosom a paeon are singing.

The sweat of exertion hangs wet in his hair
And trickles in rills from his coppery skin.
His lithe frame at times seems suspended in air.
What soul but his soul would not sink in despair?
With fingers, with naked feet, even with chin,
He worms up the wall of the precipice bare,
And sinks on the crest with a satisfied grin.

He dreams he has followed a route up the steep
No other will traverse, but wrong the surmise.
A shape just as panther-like swung in the deep,
Black shadows behind him—his sister—to keep
Her brother from taking the guard by surprise,
Regard her! as nearer she ventures to creep
And shine on her lover with languishing eyes.

Her lover! adored and adoring! has kept
The night watch all night, with the beacon ablaze.
All night long from turret to boulder he stepped,
In vigil that flagged not, with soul that ne'er slept.
No point of the compass he slights in his gaze;
Yet near him Multnomah has silently crept
And with his sweet sister the sentry surveys.

Her heart yearns in agonized hope that the guard
By instinct her brother will timely discover.
Still nearer Multnomah, as still as a pard,
She steals on her bosom, her veins swelling hard.
For life, ay, for life! just to warn her dear lover.
Multnomah is bending his bow to the cord.
To challenge he rises and looms big above her.

And then with her shapely, unmoccasined toe,
She loosens a stone and away lets it bound.
Strong bends in an instant each Indian his bow,
The chieftains and medicine men down below
Hear first from the sentry the challenging sound.
Multnomah, the Generous, hastens to show
That envy no root in his bosom has found.

The young warriors pace to and fro for a while,
And, turning at length, find the maiden before them.
Though dumb with surprise, still, so winsome her wile,
The brother accords her a tolerant smile.
A blush like the the dawn in the dome purpling o'er them
Suffuses her figure and face, for the style
Of her robes could fit but the one girl who wore them.

Her hand in the hand of her lover is placed,
For down from the height he perforce will assist her.
When hid in the gloom, if he squeezed her dear waist,
And eke dared the sweets of her kisses to taste,
Who cares, if, she cared not, he squeezed her and kissed her?
. If such kisses stain be those stains not erased:
The kisses of love, though they burn, never blister.

The young chief is left to his duties alone,
A warrior full fledged! with a true warrior's pride!
Erect as a statue of bronze, still as stone,
He stands lost in thinking of thoughts long his own.
Ambition is writ on his brows. For his guide
A ruling resolve deep within him has grown,
And that resolution today will be tried.

See! far up the gorge, on the Home of the Hawk,
A pennon is suddenly flung to the breeze,—
The skin of a roebuck, as milky as chalk,
And waved with a frantic hand over the rock.
The eagle no sooner than he the flag sees;
But slowly he strides to and fro in his walk;
The flag is tossed high and floats down midst the trees.

Mark! over the floods, in the Swamp of the Goose,
In wild, mimic flight from a furious bear,
A frenzied squaw runs with a frightened papoose.
He sees them, and fancies, like demons broke loose,
They shriek and he hears on the ambient air.
He knows that his failure can plead no excuse,
Yet heeds not the threatened mock tragedy there.

Look! low down the stream, where the precipice tall
Hangs beetling or sheer on the foam-whitened flood,
A dozen canoes hug the base of the wall.
He counts them in silence. They keep in the pall
And paddle up stream. They are friends. But his blood
Throbs loud in his temples; for, bitter as gall,
Disgrace nips the Red Man's proud hopes in the bud.

The village below is a whirl of commotion.
 The yells of derision and rage fill the skies.
 The surges of men roll as waves of the ocean,
 And, deaf to the cries of a sister's devotion,
 They overwhelm on his lodge and in ruins it lies.
 He feigns not to know what impels the mad notion
 And watches the deed in pretended surprise.

The wigwam of Mohok, Multnomah's proud sire,
 Is shut on its shame, but the sagamores will
 Repress the fury. The fever and fire
 That burn for a victim begin to expire.
 The old men prevail and the young chief shall still
 Have one chance to lift up his crest from the mire.
 The solar isochronon thunders down hill.

Multnomah exults as he reigns on his tower
 And rolls his fine eyes on a glorious clime.
 Today is the day, yea, this hour is the hour,
 When shame, bitter shame, rears the throne of his power.
 He soars on the wings of a spirit sublime.
 O, Hell that the fool calls Adversity! Bower
 Of rare Opportuniti! Bide a good time.

The warriest roebuck of all his wild class,
 By instinct apprised that some danger is near,
 Observes the mere nod of a tassel of grass
 As, flashing like lightning, his piercing eyes pass.
 But keener than even the orbs of the deer,
 The Indian's optics peruse all the mass
 And legion of things which around him appear.

Multnomah has paused. One could fancy he nods.
 But focussed afar is his keen, searching gaze;
 Where rises stupendous above the pent floods
 The corbels tremendous of the Bridge of the Gods.
 Ah! There! See! Oh! There! Look! Multnomah! What haze
 Prevents—? See that speck! There! Ten score and more rods—
 On high! On the arch! A smoke spiral! A blaze!

"Shuhomut!" Too late! O! Multnomah, too late!
 "Shuhomut!" Your sister has raised the wild cry.
 "Shuhomut!" the doom, ay, the sentence of Fate.
 "Shuhomut!" the clangor and bang of a gate—
 "Shuhomut!"—through which you shall nevermore fly.
 "Shuhomut!" Come down from your regal estate.
 "Shuhomut!" 'Twere better, Multnomah, to die.

They hale him before the tribunal of scorn,
They shatter his quiver, they whittle his bow;
With ruthless hands wrench out the plumes that adorn
His glossy hair, puncture his nose with a thorn,
And fix in the hole made the tail of a doe;
Spit full in his face: but a king he was born;
And king is he still when their spites they forego.

A sudden deep hush settles over the throng.
The war chief, fierce Mohok, approaches his son.
He speaks not at first; his emotions are strong:
His pride, and the pride of his race, has—gone wrong!
His task is a torture, yet must it be done.
He talks, yet would rather he sing the death song:
The bitter words drop from his lips one by one.

“Stink, buzzard! but doff the proud eagle’s clean plume!
Perch, scavenger! sunk in foul carrion your claws!
A son is a son even yet in his tomb
On Memaloose! Would that the blossoms might bloom
This day on your grave! Off! outlawed by our laws,
My son nevermore! For a man needs your room.
Lug wood! and gut fish! as a squaw! with the squaws!”

One bound, and a sister’s arms circle his neck,
A sister’s hands hurl far the badges of shame.
Few gaze on her sorrow, and little they reck
To see how he tries his emotions to check.
“Multnomah! my brother!” she murmurs his name.
“Disgraced and dishonored, scorn’s emblems may deck,
But, brother, your sister is sister the same.”

The children were awed at the incredible loads
Of fagots he heaved from the woods on his shoulder.
He scattered them round to the many abodes,
Ignoring the taunts, and the jeers, and the goads,
Which daily and hourly grew bolder and bolder.
“Some day he will close these accounts by the codes
Of manhood!” his sister would say when they told her.

Just once, and once only, when she heard, one jeered.
A pretty young squaw shot the barb from her tongue.
A cougar, to those who were there it appeared,
Could scarcely the distance she covered have cleared
As fierce at the throat of the woman she flung.
He tore loose the murderous fingers, but feared
For long that the neck of the squaw had been wrung.

The crones dropped godblessyous behind him galore:
 He did half their work, made the other half play.
 The sachems were watching, as chore after chore,
 Hard trips to the woodstocks, hard tasks on the shore,
 He toiled from the dawn to the dusk of the day.
 Each evensong round him assembled a score
 And more boisterous urchins to romp and to play.

Twelve times did the great silver moon wax and wane,
 Twelve moons of hard toil, uncomplaining, and drudge;
 Twelve moons in the sun, in the snow, in the rain;
 Twelve moons of his life, lived in pain, but—in vain?
 Twelve moons of deep insults, yet holds he no grudge;
 Twelve moons in the swing of devotion's sweet chain,
 His sister his joy, the Great Spirit his judge.

And then, as he worked with Homomoh one even,
 A summons to council a messenger brought.
 Wild joy, such the soul feels on entering Heaven,
 Shone out of her eyes as "Forgiven! Forgiven!"
 She cried and was close in his mighty arms caught.
 "Multnomah!" she laughed, by her joy nearly driven
 Insane, "we have not waited so long for naught."

The Red Man is born undemonstrative, so,
 The brief ceremony was simple that gave
 Him back all his dignities—quiver, and bow
 And plume. And the war chief, stern Mohok, aglow
 With pride and with pleasure, restrained himself, save,
 As pressing the hands of his son, to speak slow:
 "You have been a squaw! And you will be a brave."

The last level rays of the sunset were shining
 In gold on the crags of tall Castle Rock's head;
 Multnomah and Mohok on bearskins reclining,
 Within the tall lodge of the chief, were resigning
 Themselves to the joys of a feast for them spread;
 With banqueting rapt conversation combining:
 When in stone Homomoh and blushingly said:

"The sun comes at morning, the mist flies to meet him.
 The strong tree gets thirsty, down patters the rain.
 The swan gyres on wedged wings, the she-swan to greet him
 Up soars in surrender, yet feigns to defeat him.
 The East woos the West Wind and woos not in vain.*
 The Sea God petitions the moon not to cheat him,
 And rosy with bliss in his bed she sinks fain."

"And Humyuk," made answer Multnomah, "sore misses
 The light from his wigwam, the light of his life.
 Your long hair is braided, your lips pout for kisses,
 He hones for his bride as you yearn for her blisses.
 Twelve moons you have struggled—go, sweet, end the strife."
 "Oomp! bareskins in bearskins!" grounts Mohok. And hisses
 Her robe as she flits to give Humyuk his wife.

She fled from the village and wandered apart,
 Her springy light feet by the murmuring water.
 A footfall, a whisper, wild terror, a start,
 A soft exclamation, a hard-beating heart,
 She hesitates, trembles, and yields. He has caught her!
 Ah, maid! and oh, maiden! if artless your art,
 By Nature be crowned, as her happiest daughter.

Uplifted and borne in his arms to the brink,
 Then tenderly placed in his ready canoe,
 Adrift in a moment, too happy to think,
 She feels on the welter the shell rise and sink
 As rises and sinks her fond bosom. Come true,
 O, dream of sweet youth! If a goddess could drink
 The nectar you drink then would nectar be rue.

How useful the blissful sweet kiss is to hint
 Of tongue in the soul which the tongue can not tell!
 A kiss is a coin! A girl's lips are a mint.
 Yet value intrinsic the coin has, sans stint,
 Not current, yet tender for things girls don't sell.
 How drossy is gold! when this coin sheds its glint
 Of bliss, woe, joy, pain, hope, death, life, Heaven, and Hell.

The silver moon swings round and round in the skies,
 And likewise the stars in broad wheels bright and glowing.
 The center of all the wide universe lies
 And watches the swing with big wondering eyes.
 His orbs upon her all their looks are bestowing.
 In her he can see all the worlds she descries
 And myriads more which the dome is not showing.

At last, lifting up her sweet radiant face,
 She questions him softly: "Love! where are we going?"
 "To see the cascades turn to vapor in space.
 To drift, darling! locked in this loving embrace.
 To feel the soft zephyrs rain balm in their blowing.
 To sleep on Lone Rock! in the same hallowed place
 Where first we stole kisses one day we went rowing."

Her joys were her paranympths. Up the basalt
 She scampered. He bore all the trappings along.
 In that bridal chamber, as vast as the vault
 Of God's throne, a rude couch—what bride would find fault?
 He brought her from hiding in arms brave and strong.
 The ripples, the zephyrs, the spheres! without halt,
 All night sing her epithalamion song.

Multnomah and Mohok talked late that glad night,
 Twelve moons of cold silence at once to repay.
 But ere the gray streaks of the dawn's mellow light,
 Multnomah, well-armed, and all ready for flight,
 Crept forth from the wigwam and glided away.
 And Snomish watched wistful. Ah, Snomish, the blight
 Of love when hope sickens! but death shuns his prey!

He leisurely skirted the huge rugged hills
 Bizarre with the weird wild erosion of ages.
 He quenches his thirst at the cool trickling rills.
 The strange book of bountiful nature sends thrills
 Of rapture to him as he reads from its pages.
 Unlettered, yet learned, is this savage; he fills
 His mind from the real spring of lore of all sages.

And under the Bridge of the Gods! the sublime!
 The wonder of wonders of worlds! before noon
 He stood. And a young brave in manhood's first prime
 He met there, the daring Soosoon. A long time
 The chief stood perplexed. Then the warrior: "A boon,
 Multnomah!" "Speak, brother!" In sad pantomime:
 "Snomish loves Multnomah—and—Snomish—Soosoon!"

A rush and a swish through the still atmosphere
 Attended the fall of a shaft at their feet.
 "The arrow of Mohok!" For many a long year
 It stuck in a fir snag lodged high on the sheer
 Declivity. All the fierce storms which had beat
 Around it had loosened it not from its queer
 Tenacious hold. "Brother, an omen complete."

Multnomah made answer none. Out of the quiver
 He sought him an arrow with critical eye.
 He measured the fearful long range, but with never
 A tremor of muscle he drew to deliver
 His shot at yon target twixt him and the sky.
 The bowstring sang shrill. The great bow with a quiver
 The missile sent hissing its errand to fly.

As true as the path of a sunbeam it bounded,
 Deceiving the eye with a fancied zigzag.
 Soosoon marked the feat with a spirit confounded.
 The soul of Multnomah was even astounded.
 Unerring it hurtled, too impatient to lag.
 It rang on the mark with a ring that resounded
 With force yet to spare: it sank firm in the snag.

"My brother, adieu," said Multnomah, and started.
 "Goes whither the Rising Sun?" "East of the mountains."
 "My brother, this morning, when you had departed,
 The beautiful Snomish, the sad, broken-hearted,
 Drank deep to the dregs of lost love's bitter fountains.
 Up there, on the Bridge of the Gods, she has charted
 The trail of her heart going east of the mountains."

"You wish me to climb to the same lofty station—"
 "To bid her goodbye." "The Great Spirit knows best.
 To some he sends bliss, and to some, desolation;
 Yet all reach, at last, the same rare destination,
 In Hunting Grounds Happy. What matters the rest?
 Go bring her, yourself, from the grand elevation,
 My message and messenger, to her addressed.

"The time will come surely, when she will discover,
 As sure as the sun on the Oregon shines,
 I sent her, not love, something better, a lover.
 And certain as blue is the sky now above her
 The tendrils of her love shall yet be your twines.
 Farewell! I have spoken. To wander, to hover
 In haunts of my foemen, my restless heart pines."

Soosoon swarmed the height like a frightened gazelle.
 His noble heart bled when he saw her rapt gazes
 Roam eastward. A mantle of guilty blush fell
 And covered her over, as plunging, pellmell,
 Restless and checkless and hot in the mazes
 Of love's declaration he chained her with a spell.
 Upbraidings, with pleadings he mixes and praises.

"I love you! What reason is that you should spurn me?
 If slay me you will, why use ice for your arrow?
 O, Snomish, if I must be tortured, dear, burn me!
 To snow change me not nor to adamant turn me!
 I swear my attentions your soul shall not harrow.
 What guilty things ever have I done to earn me
 Your wicked scorn? Curse a soul spiteful and narrow!

"You give other young men the smile and the glance
 Becoming an animal social and friend.
 My nod you dishonor, if, by some rare chance,
 Or pitiful hap of a poor circumstance,
 To let me get near you your airs condescend.
 Sweet! just for a kind word my crushed spirit pants.
 Sweet! once, love, your proud stubborn haughtiness bend.

"But, sweetheart, I swear that I came not to scold you.
 I loved you before you were weaned from the milk.
 I stole you, one day, when a baby to hold you
 And kiss you; and many fine things, too, I told you.—
 Your lips curl! One moment!—The wonderful silk
 The spider spins feels like your hair felt of old. You
 Have teeth as the ivory white teeth of the elk.

"Your lips curled contemptuous when I averred
 I kissed you in babyhood. Helpless? You were!
 How now? If the thing that in those days occurred
 Occurs not again, here! the wings of some bird
 Must snatch you away for—" "You coward! you cur!"—
 Around her his mighty arm compassed a girl
 From which she could scape not, nor shelter, nor stir.

"My lips are not mine! They have been consecrated!"
 Tornadoes of passion control can how few men!
 "For years I have worshipped and wished for, and waited;
 And still you disdain: I prefer to be hated.
 You trample my heart, sweet. You treat me inhuman.
 But bless the Great Spirit! Girl! I am not fated
 To die without tasting the taste of a woman."

How many eternities passed while his lips
 Were pressed to her mouth, from the question abstain.
 An arm from her shoulders, an arm from her hips,
 Removed, how reluctantly! down, free, she slips,
 And flits as a sweet dream dispels in the brain.
 His bliss was so great that in total eclipse
 Sinks the consideration of her rage and pain.

The fair aboriginee menaced insanity.
 She gnashed at his finger-marks red on her wrist.
 She sputtered blue blazes of barbarous profanity.
 She craned with her teeth for her rump, O, the vanity!
 Where other prints glowed that his digits had kissed.
 She scrubbed at her lips and her waist. God! Humanity!
 She pounded her aching ribs sore with her fist.

O! fickle, impulsive, and volatile creature!
You incomprehensible, utterly, can be.

If earth holds an animal gifted to beat your
Inconstancy, mystery, sin, and deceiture
That animal is, yea, must, certainly, man be.

But change not, O, despot! in form, soul, nor feature;
Forever, as you have been since time began, be!

Multnomah ranged eastward. The roaring Cascades
Grew fainter behind him. He camped at the geysers
Where Wind River flows under Wind Mountain's shades.
No lurking foe shuns he, but friends he evades.
He rises at matins of plumed early risers
And sleeps when the vespers are hushed in the glades.
He dreads no surprise for he fears no surprisers.

He stopped at The Dalles; watched the billows in foam
Plunge into the vortex with eath-jarring thunder:
And under the cressets which blazed in the dome,
Remembering Memaloose, ultimate home
Of all flesh, grows eerie with awe and great wonder.
But on through the wilderness, eager to roam,
Afar from his native land tears him asunder.

Lone Desert! Vast Skookooks! Your name is a theme
To conjure the muses—to fire inspirations.
The rays on the Oregon glitter and gleam
And silver its course like the path of a dream.
The waves always ruffle in rythmic pulsations
This mystical, magical, musical stream.
But on prosecutes he his peregrinations.

The mountains sank slowly and vanished behind him,
But onward he pressed through the lonely immensity.
The dunes glare by day with such brilliance they blind him.
Abroad in the night-time the game creatures find him
And vanish alarmed in the gloom's sombre density.
His foemen are round him; but nature designed him
To revel in danger with savage intensity.

Thus hiding by daytime and prowling by night,
Appeasing his hunger by shifts as he ran,
He saw, one fair morn, by the dawn's rosy light,
A scene which entranced him, the watch-fires all bright
Grow dim round the tepees of kingly Spokan.
The end of his pilgrimage! Mecca in sight!
The home of the beautiful queenly Shunshan.

Inscrutable orders of Fate! He selected
 A hidingplace safest of all in the land.
 A natural basin of water, protected
 All round by huge boulders of stone, which erected
 Themselves in an archway before the clean strand.
 The pool and the river were quaintly connected
 By one foot of water above the white sand.

An elfin retreat, yes, a fay's balneary.
 His interest waxed as the daylight grew clearer.
 He read by the tracks that some human, or fairy,
 Came daily to bask and to bathe in this very
 Same nook. And he learned, by examining nearer,
 That small was her dainty foot, graceful and airy
 The lovely form. Other plain facts learned he queerer.

Perceiving where yesterday once in the ooze
 She sat and indented her bold signature,
 The hieroglyphic he smilingly views
 And suffers himself to unconsciously choose
 The title which settled, with meaning obscure,
 Upon her forever—Tum Rusa! Excuse
 A passing transla—no, the sense is not sure.

The chief fell asleep about sunrise and dreamed
 A wonderful dream of Tum Rusa, the stranger.
 He roamed in an Eden divine, and it teemed
 With fruits, and bright fishes, and game, and he seemed
 To meet her and mention her name but to change her
 To flame. He awoke. The hot sun on him streamed,
 And strange premonitions he felt. Was it danger?

He rests on his bosom with cheek on his arms,
 And opens his eyes without moving and sees her.
 A symmetry perfect, a glory of charms,
 The rarest of faces, the fairest of forms,
 His idol, his star, at a glance, he decrees her.
 The deeps of his spirit are stirred with the storms
 Of passion; and, death as the cost! he will seize her.

The paddle already has been tossed inside.
 The barque glides along, neath the arch, through the pool,
 And grates on the beaches. He stares, open-eyed,
 Discrediting vision. This sweet glorified
 Divinity thinks he another dream. Fool!
 Be taught then your error. She strips to the hide
 And drops to her chin in the clear liquid cool.

Now back and forth, round and round, hither and fro,
With fanciful strokes swam the elegant swimmer.

Her ruddy skin reddens, her starry eyes glow;
On back and on bosom, now fast, and then slow,
Her young face with ripples of pleasure aglimmer.

Then out with a bound, frees her hair, lets it flow,
And round her, as low as her thighs, sees it shimmer.

The water grows still, and she stands on a stone
To leisurely gaze at the beauteous reflection.

The saucy, the roguish face under her shown
Is archer than any sweet face not her own.
She laughs with delight and concludes the inspection.

Child-woman, take warning! A foe, reckless grown,
Moves closer to gaze at the risk of detection.

Again she subscribes herself in the warm mud:
Tum Rusa! forever; Shunshan, nevermore!

Around her the sun pours an alchemic flood.
As through her pure veins rush the surges of blood,
So rise in her fancies bright pictures galore.
In maidenhood yesterday, burst from the stud
To womanhood today, for tomorrow what store?

Secure in the knowledge that no mortal sees it,
With pencils of mud on her belly and breast
Tattoos she the war paint. Her thighs to her knees it
Soon covers as well. And her face by degrees it
Is also in strokes of ferocity dressed.

"If! some! one! should! see! Mercy! me! what! a tease it!
Would be!" and she blurs the fierce patterns, sans rest.

Out sprang the young chief with a death on his bowstring.
Convulsive her terrified bound to her feet.

A tiger from ambush, as he leaped, might so spring:
As started she, even so up might a doe spring.
Their spell-binding eyes with a burning gaze meet.
He studies how best from above to below spring:
She ponders where safest to wing her retreat.

She dreaded at first that some tribesman had sought her,
Enamored, to ravish her innocent charm;

The precinct was sacred; hence, he who had caught her
Had schemes more infernal against her than slaughter;
A foeman she sees and she feels less alarm.

Her tribal traditions of ages had taught her
That Courage can even the Destroyer disarm.

She waits for the twang of the death-knelling cord,
But God! it is bitter to say, Life goodbye!
One moment ago and the terrible sword
Had come with the summons to final reward
With horrors less gloomy and hard to defy.
Oh, Death, why send him on the errand abhorred?
To teach her to live then to teach her to die.

The strong bow unbends. In the air he has bounded,
The shape of his form on the sky silhouetted.
A shriek of despair on the silence resounded,
But hope for a friend in her need is unfounded.
Your speed is your hope, girl; to that be indebted.
As fleet as an arrow the pool she surrounded,
And chance for the moment her efforts abetted.

He strikes in the fluid. Her feet are on land.
He wallows in foam. But she skips like a fawn.
He reaches the doorway as over the strand
She leaps where the river's broad stretches expand.
To ankles, knees, hips, three great strides—she is gone.
Athletic he follows, his feet spurn the sand,
And into the billows projects he his brawn.

The sea land the dolphin might envy the girl
Her speed in the water, her skill and her graces.
Before her the ripples are splitted and curl,
Behind her the eddies are fretted and whirl,
As onward, and onward, and onward, she races.
A mile wide before her the wee wavelets purl,
But dauntless and daring the long mile she faces.

Unwitnessed the desperate struggle proceeds,
The dauntless pursued, the relentless pursuer.
Still faster and forward and onward she speeds,
For still she perceives, as her chaser she leads,
The few rods between them grow fewer and fewer.
Yet with a strange, formless wish, girl, your heart bleeds
To fly as the wooed with your foeman the wooer.

Now plainer and plainer the shoreline before her
Appears, for behind her lies half of the river.
No nearer he swims now. His gazes adore her.
She fancies the basilisk glances gloat o'er her.
He slackens his speed. He discerns with a shiver
That soon if no rosy hope comes to restore her,
Her form to Death's cold arms her hands will deliver.

Half spent by her anguish and heart straining toil,
She had been debating the question of drowning.

Now Hope on her soul's troubled waters pour oil,
Behind her once more the wee wake maelstroms boil.
Sweet Victory's laurels her brows may be crowning.

May he not be weary? And may she not foil
Him yet? Why, Defeat surely seems for him frowning.

But God, what new Terror is this which has tightened
His cold clammy hands on the chords of her heart?

Her foe might succumb! And unknowing why frightened
Instead of rejoiced on the fluid she heightened
Her buoy and peered forward. O, how far apart

The strandline! She watched him a moment, and brightened:
Triumphant he looks as he looked from the start.

And now, as she dreaded before that he might die,
She thinks that she hopes, in her soul, that he may sink.

The lyrical laughterful lovelands, they bright lie
Before her, and there she would fain with delight fly.
Life's chalice! love's nectar! both! both! to this day drink.
Some refuge waits somewhere: to bring it in sight try.
Of blisses which young life and young love display think.

The shore is approaching, the goal of her hopes.
Her legs and her arms magic shuttles are churning.

Delirious, feverish, forward she gropes
And slowly the portal of paradise opes.
The blood in her arteries lava is burning.
Deluded Tum Rusa! The warrior who copes
With you for the guerdon the guerdon is earning.

Observe how the warrior, sly, circumspect, shrewd,
Now swerves from her wake, stems the current, and glides
Above and abreast of the maiden. In crude

Conception she fathoms him, yet with the nude
And stubborn fact clear in her mind that he bides

The chance of the footrace, odds none, she has screwed
Her soul to one purpose, and forward she slides.

Her wistful eyes wander across, but she knows
She dare not attempt the wide sluice any more.

The water grows colder and colder still grows,
But spurning its chill with strong blows upon blows
She skims down the silvery shoals of the shore.

The race from its outset has a different close—
Behind the pursued, the pursuer before.

The cones of her bust nearly brush on the sand
 Before to the bottom her fingers she presses.
 Like lightning she gathers her limbs in command,
 And while to his feet he is struggling to stand,
 She flirts off the spray from her long glossy tresses,
 Recovers her breath with celerity grand,
 And shoots from the brink like a hawk from the jesses.

Ethereal seems the light nymph as she sails
 With twinkling extremities over the beach.
 His lungs are capacious. Deep oxygen gales
 Through nostrils distended he inhales and exhales.
 He gains and she fancies her hair he can reach.
 She crouches to trip him; the stratagem fails:
 And mauger her pride her eyes mercy beseech.

He seeks the concealment of near-growing bushes,
 And stands with her back to his broad heaving breast.
 A thrill of great ecstasy through her heart rushes.
 A joy just as deep through her trembling heart gushes.
 And thus they repose to consider and rest.
 The arm which encircles her stifles and crushes:
 She writhes in his clasp till her pain is expressed.

It suits not the mind of the great, brawny bowman
 To let her discern that his heart is in bonds;
 But kiss her he will, for he must, as a foeman!
 Hide love from the woman he worships can no man!
 Her eyes read his soul, and her passion responds.
 The captor is captured! God pity you, O, man!
 For from your persuading eyes her love absconds.

As read she his secret, she read his intention.
 Resolved she to revel with him in his joy.
 Her love can his love pay a ransomless pension
 And richer become with the payment. Convention!
 Why, she is a girl! And he, he is a boy!
 Then drink! for the bowl, till your sun's last declension,
 Will brim with the sweetness which never can cloy.

She lifted her lips when he stooped to begin it.
 She nestled when closer he offered to press her.
 He kissed her ten times in the lapse of a minute.
 He fondled her rudely: she encouraged him in it.
 He held her aloof: snatched her back to caress her.
 Carousal of savage love! Thought she no sin it.
 The pause from the orgy appears to distress her.

He thinks that she met him half way in the blisses
Of rapturous love as a prayer for her life.

He thinks that she brooked his embraces and kisses
And walked with him close to the brink of abysses
Of shame for the reason she dreaded a strife.

He little supposes her fears she dismisses,
With whispering her soul: "Can he sully his wife?"

: He pulls from a drift heap a sapling of cedar.
He gathers her under his sinewy arm.

Back into the floodtides he hastens to lead her,
Disdaining her terrors, and scorning to heed her
Wild questioning glances of helpless alarm.

Bound neck to the bole by her hair he will speed her
Across the wide tide without danger or harm.

The water is icy; her bosom is chilling;
The marrow seems freezing inside of her bones.

She signs her petition to swim. He is willing.

He loosens one wind of her hair. Now the killing
Inaction is over. In soft murmuring tones

She falters: "Skochenosh!" Then soon she is stilling
Her shivering by toil which discomfort disowns.

Then back to the pool, at a run, they go racing.
Her garments and ornaments in the canoe

He tosses, and down in the bottom then placing

The maiden, her body his limbs firm embracing.

He seizes the paddle and drives the shell through.

Afloat on the Oregon! Kinsmen none chasing!

Ho, village of Mohok! And child home, adieu!

Thus meekly reclining across his huge thigh,
And pinioned in place by his powerful limbs,

She watches recede through a glistening eye

The scenes of her girlhood. O, girlhood, goodbye.

The film of a tear that she would not shed dims

Her vision. Her bosom is heaved with a sigh

Of mournful farewell. Round a curve the shell skirts.

Then on the broad swell of the foamy expanse
She ventured to reach for her trinkets and clothes.

Her manner is bashful, and furtive her glance,

But donned the rich garb, with deep pleasure she pants,
And peeps to discern what approval he shows.

His eyes intercept the sly look, by a chance,
And crimson and scarlet the winsome face grows.

"The Tamaroose waits, with the torture stake yonder.
Shoshoraw shall judge. Let us wait and have peace."
The girl to his soul had grown infinitely fonder;
Sweet love! What an ecstasy with her to wander
Adown life's bright pathway till death's last surcease!
Their days in the bowers of affection to squander,
Their nights in the dreams brought by love's silken fleece.

Shoshoraw the midst of the circle maintains.
Tum Rusa stands queenly and trim by Soosoon.
Multnomah between holds his ground but refrains
From touching Shoshoraw. The giant brave strains
His sight to regain and his eyes hunt the moon.
His pains he despises, his rage keeps in chains,
Each eyeball rolls red in a tear-filled lagoon.

At last the first glimmer of sight is restored.
Soosoon steps across with his right hand extended.
The hand is accepted. The bystanding horde
Who much from the start the estrangement deplored
Are pleased, and in plaudits their voices are blended.
Huge arms on his chest, the bold warrior then poured
His gaze on the girl who his foe had defended.

And withering hatred by bold admiration
Contend in his fierce and stern heart for control.
Soosoon understands, and with glad elevation
Of spirits, "Come, sister!" he speaks in elation,
And beckons. Soft forward the sylph gently stole.
Too late, child! Shoshoraw shouts forth in damnation:
"The Tamaroose! Torture stake! Woe to her soul!"

The tiger awoke in Soosoon. Not the sign
He caught from Multnomah had virtue to still him.
"Who thinks that Soosoon will his sister resign
To even the Tamaroose errs? She is mine!
If any man takes her away I will kill him!
Her sentence is spoken. Make room! Death my fine
If she is not safely kept!" His will they will him.

The Tamaroose, wise in the wisdom of years,
And human experience, comes to the front.
"The fates overrule in all earthly careers,
My children. Life chases through blisses and tears,
My children. The intellect passion makes blunt,
My children. All mortals ride some day on biers,
My children. With burdens of old age I grunt,

They cautiously wend in the grasses and bushes.
A rabbit they spy, and his bowstring he draws.
Unerring, the flintspike destroyingly rushes,
And red from the clean wound a blood fountain gushes.
Its flesh from its bones he voraciously gnaws.
A duck in the sedges his fatal skill hushes
In death, and from hunting they willingly pause.

They talk in their language gesticulatory,
Heart answering heart and soul speaking to soul,
Unconsciously telling the grand, old, sweet story
Till Night sits enthroned in her temples of glory;
Then west with the floods of the Oregon roll.
The mouth of the maiden is bloomy and rory,
The sky is a glittering diamond shoal.

The paddle, so steady and forceful and soundless,
With timed regularity rises and dips.
The need for such caution appears to be groundless.
As still as the tomb is the ghostly and boundless
Dark void through which softly the frail shallop slips.
As prays he the gauntlet to deliver them woundless,
A light girlish hand softly falls on his lips.

Recumbent he sinks by her side. She is peering
Across the light gunwale. He follows her eyes.
He sees at a glance they are rapidly nearing
Some dot in the stream, and by silently steering
Aside they waft by. As he passes he spies
A war craft at anchor. When once more careering
Along on the waves he to question her tries.

"Why called not the maiden for help from her friends?"
"Their foe has me fast in the arms of his power.
His arrows are keen. When his mighty bow bends,
The shadow of death on his victim descends.
And I have a lover, a warrior in the flower
Of youth. He will keep near my side to the ends
Of earth. He is sweet. His brave breast is my bower."

All this she expressed with her hands raised above him
In gestures of grace between him and the sky.
Multnomah is trembling. She never will love him.
The devil's claw fingers of jealousy shove him
Along to the verge of a precipice high.
His eyes blaze with murder. But other thoughts move him,
And fiercely above her his hands signify:

"His blood I would drain if by chance I could meet him.
 Dream not that on earth evermore he shall claim you.
 What hinders that here I forever should cheat him?
 And send you a harlot in pale death to greet him?
 His heart, will I tear it in shreds when I maim you?
 Now shriek if you choose. All in vain you entreat him!
 I swear, by these stars, here and now, girl, to—"

With mouth on his lips she the damnable oath
 With fondling cajolery sought to forestall.
 His hand on her bosom she pressed and with both
 Her arms clung around him, until he, as loath
 As might be, his fierce passions strove to recall.
 With one arm still hugging the neck of the wroth
 And sullen Multnomah, she slowly let fall:

(He crushed her lithe form to his storm-ruffled breast,
 And watched the sweet hand wave the words in the air.)
 "The waist of Tum Rusa was never caressed
 By others arms. Never have other lips pressed
 Her mouth. Poor Tum Rusa is full of despair.
 The soul of Tum Rusa a bird is and nest
 Has none in the tents of Spokan. Shall she swear?"

"Then why did the tongue of Tum Rusa speak lies?"
 "The tongue of Tum Rusa speaks always the truth.
 The breast of Tum Rusa is heavy with sighs.
 Multnomah misunderstood. After moonrise
 Multnomah will gaze on Tum Rusa in ruth.
 Multnomah will then in Tum Rusa's sad eyes
 See nothing but heart whole, ingenuous youth."

Though not understanding a word of his tongue,
 His lips to her lips and his heart to her heart
 Love's madrigal holy had rapturously sung.
 As thus on his bosom she languorously clung,
 She yearned the glad tale of her love to impart:
 But suddenly down her sweet figure she flung,
 Yet left him fair hopes by her coquettish art.

She knew not how his kinsclan would receive her.
 Perhaps her love might be the very means
 Whereby his tribes would torture her and grieve her.
 Of him, her idol, might they not bereave her?
 So from his gaze her passion well she screens.
 Henceforth the blisses of his wooings leave her,
 And withered blooms from love's sere waste she gleans.

The bangled buckskin from her shoulders rips
To lash her arms in fetters—cruel whims!
The fringy beady vestment from her hips
Outrageous hands, insulting action, strips
To bind her shapely finching lower limbs.
A proud tear from her long dark lashes drips,
But still in seas of joy her spirit swims.

Now far on the skyline a hurricane mumbles,
The terrible ooshkoom, the dread of the clime;
Across the great desert the cloud billow tumbles,
Before the tornado the thunder-car rumbles,
Behind drives Old Tempest in fury sublime;
The vault of the skies with re-echoing grumbles,
The Oregon groans the suspense of the time.

The cyclone's artillery charges. The boom
Of lightning bombardments is shivering the air.
The earth hides her face in a mantle of gloom,
And quakes from her weltering waist to her womb.
The swords of the thunderbolts circle and glare.
The squadrons of sand gallop on to assume
Their posts in the ranks of the elements' war.

The Red Man turned short from the threatening course
And swung in the sheltering lee of the shore.

The rain through the willows with keen biting force
Poured drenching and cold on their bodies. Remorse
And shame smote his heart with their pangs to its core.
The naked girl gathered he warm to her source
Of comfort and joy, and she shivered no more.

Ensnconced in his bosom, enclasped in his arms,
What cared she for fetters, chill, nakedness, rain?
Around her the gale shrieks in menacing harms,
The soak of the hissing spray soddens her charms.
They seek to despoil her of pleasure in vain.
When die on the winds and the waters the storms
A dreamy sweet sleep has enveloped her brain.

All night with endurance no labor could tire
The paddle was plied till the dawn was at hand.
Once more in the thickets the game they require
Is slain by his skill and devoured without fire.
With stones the canoe is submerged near the land.
As up soars the sun and mounts higher and higher,
He ventures to sleep, by her side, on the sand.

In deep admiration she watches his slumber,
The sleep of a man who his foemen despises.
Fine castles she builds in the air without number,
While cautiously straining the cords which encumber
Her legs and her arms. From herself she disguises
Her joy when she fails. She keeps watch till he rises,
Then yields herself up to the wooings of slumber.

She woke when the sun had sunk low in the west
And found herself freed from the links which had bound her.
The birds were melodiously soothing her rest,
And peace and great joy were enthroned in her breast.
For sweet was the calm of the desert around her.
She yawned like a drowsy child, turned on her breast,
Arose, and the arms of her captor enwound her.

Again mounts the Empress of Shades to her throne,
To rule in her season her phantom-filled realm.
And westward they fly as they ever have flown
Since first he the maiden queen crowned as his own.
He toils at the sweep, she keeps watch at the helm.
The diamond stars stud the welkin's wide zone,
And lonesome emotions their souls overwhelm.

Who never has camped in the wilderness wide,
Nor ever has drifted on some mighty river,
Has been the most rare of enjoyments denied.
But who, with a sweetheart, no other beside,
Whole days and whole nights, never once to dis sever,
Where Solitude reigns, with the Oregon's tide,
Will journey again in the future forever?

The eyes of Tum Rusa are brightened by love
And burn through the gloom to detect signs of danger.
"Shunkyosux!" as soft as the coo of a dove,
Her silver voice trebles in murmurs above
The wash of the prow. And a pitiful change her
Sweet face undergoes as she struggles to move,
Repeating: "Shunkyosux!" "Shunkyosux!" means "Stranger!"

And far off, a glimmer of light he discerns.
A league is soon passed, and before them, behold!
A bonfire of logs on each water's edge burns.
Between them the Oregon hurries and churns
Its eddies to amber, its ripples to gold.
Multnomah the little canoe overturns,
And stretched on its keel bulge on, on they are bowled.

His left arm encircled the maiden, his right
By understrokes holds the canoe athwart stream.
And through the broad belt of the perilous light
They swept and were swallowed again in the night,
And fainter behind them the bonfires now gleam.
They drift to the shore, right the shell, put to flight,
And think of their deed as a horrible dream.

The maiden is sick with the chill of two hours
Afloat in the freezing floods, cold and afraid.
With shivering thews in the bottom she cowers,
The might of the ague her strength overpowers;
Her teeth ring together. The chief is dismayed.
Again on his breast the loved form he embowers,
And chafes the lithe limbs till the shudders are stayed.

The roar of the cataract! Music divine!
The gorge of the Oregon! Heaven on earth!
The mountain crags forest crowned! Cedar, and pine,
And fir, and mild southing winds racy as wine!
The land of his fathers! The home of his birth!
Tomorrow his triumph, when tribes will combine
To honor his name with ovations and mirth!

The hoot of a solemn owl rings from the shore.
Across the great stream floats an answering call.
The maiden's hand leaps to the staff of the oar.
They crouch to the brim and the watery floor
Survey in the shadows' funereal pall.
Dark objects rise spectral before him, and more
The maiden descries 'neath the opposite wall.

On opposite rims they slip over the sides,
And hastily slide to the round of the stem.
He pushes the shell up the scurrying tides
And off in the murk like a phantom it rides.
Downstream, with long even strokes, swiftly they swim.
He holds by her wrist, and, wherever he guides,
Amidst the dark waters, there follows she him.

Fierce yells peal across the deep silence ere long.
A great hush ensues. Soon the horrified pair
Hear sinking in wailings or swelling in strong
Outpourings of sorrow her funeral song.
Now dread Superstition, your tortures forbear!
The maiden is terrorized. Rising in strong,
Spasmodic exertions, she clutches his hair.

"Tamloolo! Tamloolo!" he coaxed her, tearing
Her clinches away with a violent twist.
But faint is her soul and her spirits despairing.
Destruction is staring and glaring the daring
Multnomah in awful confrontment. But hist!
The ripples are slopping on something; and wearing
Around in the waters, lo! dread is dismissed.

One prong of a forest king grazes his arm,
A sycamore reared where the geese brood their young.
Tum Rusa shakes from her the chills of alarm,
Recovers her courage, agility, charm,
And soon up astride of the log she is swung.
Erect on the mighty bole, saved from great harm,
In one long embrace of deep joy close they clung.

They break from the loving caress awed with wonder
That deaf they had been to the roar of the falls.
One moment they balance, suspended in thunder,
And plunge from the brows of the cataract under
The seething foam shot with a speed that appalls.
The mammoth trunk groans and strains, severs asunder,
But sails with its burdens adown the long halls.

The Great Spirit rules! The huge tree goes astrand on
The boulders of Memaloose. Over their souls
A hush of awe settles, as, laying his hand on
Her hair with light tenderness, sadly they land on
The tomb of his fathers. The Oregon rolls
Around it forever. Here spirits abandon
The forms of all men at their inevitable goals.

And Mohok has gone to his fathers. His tomb
Is trophied with symbols of honor and woe.
And crushed by the weight of his sorrow and gloom,
Multnomah sinks down on the stones that insume
The dust of his sire. Sad Tum Rusa's tears flow
As chants he the requiem. When they resume
Their postures erect from his hands these thoughts flow:

"Ah, short is the trail of our lives; we can tarry
Few days in our homes; we are children of sorrow.
Ephemeral worms of the mould, oh, we bury
Our sires at the dawn and at eve we grow merry.
What credit has life with the grave? Can we borrow
A day from eternity? Speak! will the ferry
Of Death be entreated to bide till tomorrow?

"The blossoms of summer time bloom but to wither;
 The rainbow is born but to fade in its glory;
 The young and the beautiful, maiden, laugh hither
 Today, but tomorrow have vanished, say, whither?
 The tree a millennium grows, yet its hoary
 And weary head droops till destruction comes thither.
 O drear repetition! Monotonous story!

"What triumph is worth what it costs to achieve?
 What mortal of mankind his dreams realizes?
 Our hopes build our castles on bases which heave
 The structures in ruins. We agonize, grieve,
 And suffer in pain. If a son of man prizes
 A thing he possesses, misfortunes bereave.
 The wish of the soul always out of reach rises.

"The spacious globe is covered with the bones
 Of crushed ambitions—wrecks of prospects fair.
 The earth is fretted with the puny stones
 Where woe has chiseled transitory groans,
 And Hope has perished by your sword, Despair.
 Doom sets his days; and never Doom postpones
 His executions for a human's prayer.

"Why shudders the warrior to think of the coast
 Where fathomless gloom hangs so dark on the waves?
 Will Fate hear for aye his presumptuous boast
 That severed is he from his ancestral host?
 Perpetual youth, why all womankind craves?
 In Hunting Grounds Happy to wander, a ghost,
 And camp with my fathers, who sleep in these graves."

And standing before him in modest humility,
 With eloquent eyes and slow motions, she said:
 "The soul of your sire, in its royal nobility,
 Still lives, for the soul can not come to nihility.
 One place for the living, all space for the dead.
 He sleeps the long sleep here in blissful tranquillity,
 For reigns not Multnomah in his regal stead?

"The rainbow fades truly, but not recollection;
 The wild rose falls withered, wafts on its perfume;
 The deeds of the brave, in the shrines of Affection,
 Are safe from Oblivion in her sweet protection;
 And long in your councils and battles the plume
 Of Mohok shall flourish. What names Retrospection
 Recalls in their glory from even the tomb!

"Men fall as the rain. Watch the Oregon roll!
 It pours on forever, but not the same drops of it.
 The race of mankind is a river. Each soul
 A water drop runs as it rushes to goal.
 The rain must still fall to replenish the slops of it.
 The river of men must not ebb to a shoal,
 Till Love fails to teach men and women the stops of it.

"Multnomah is young, but his fame as a bowman
 Is matchless. His plumes as a war chief are won.
 His enemies mention his name as a foeman
 With dread. But Multnomah is mortal and human,
 His blisses untasted, his duties undone.
 Multnomah can range the world round and the woman
 He beckons will blushing pledge him a son."

Oh, mortal divine, what a power galvanic
 Resides in your delicate, strange organism!
 Terrestrial, celestial, angelic, satanic,
 Supernal, infernal, submissive, tyrannic,
 Adorable, horrible—spare solecism.
 Creation supreme of the Master Mechanic!
 Your soul is to love as to sunbeams the prism.

The maiden's eyes drooped as the warrior athletic
 Permitted his eyes to grow fond and inquiring.
 A shame of her nudity sent a cosmetic
 Rubescence in lambent waves over the pathetic
 And shrinking form. Turning his sad but admiring
 Eyes slowly away, all his soul energetic
 Was stirred into action by what was transpiring.

The guard of the sepulcher rallies and closes.
 They greet the fair captive with hideous yells.
 Incarnadined now with the ruddiest roses,
 Crouched low at the feet of her love she reposes,
 And trembles with dread as the clamoring swells.
 The haughty chief minds that no care he discloses,
 As ordering her borne where the Tamaroose dwells.

An angel, to paradise lately ascended,
 Accustomed to bask in its blisses refined,
 By hideous fiends in her joys apprehended,
 And led from the portals of glory, attended
 By gloating exulters, would Elysium resign
 With gazes of yearning. Tum Rusa thus wended
 The pathway to banishment, gazing behind.

And rough were the hands that drew torturing gyves
Around her extremities. Brutally flung
Abroad a canoe, she courageously strives
Coarse tauntings to scorn, till at last she arrives
Where Castle Rock's crown in the cloud caps is hung.
Here, hauled through the village, a howling mob drives
Behind her, till shut has her prison doors swung.

Five days and five nights in rejoicing incessant
Were spent by the tribes in acclaiming Multnomah.
One beautiful night, when the moon, a young crescent,
Surrounded by halos of clouds opalescent,
Was floating serenely to fair Mingohomah,
Tum Rusa law slumbering. A sweet, evanescent
Perfume filled her nostrils, a rare, vague aroma.

She started. The prison lodge awed her with dread.
A flickering tongue shed a weird luminosity
Around her. The Tamaroose! stood by her bed.
The Tamaroose! watch of the doomed and the dead!
The glaring eyes blazed with a hellish ferocity.
A menacing tomahawk over her head
Is swung in the hands of the grisly monstrosity.

Five days by Multnomah neglected, the child,
Yet woman, is sick, and despondent, and weary.
She gazed on the trembling monster and smiled.
By what love of life is she longer beguiled?
Her nights are a torture, her days long and dreary.
To die she is willing, yea, eager, ay, wild.
She frets in the earth as the eaglet in its aerie.

A tigerish shape seemed to burst from the air
And launch on the ghoul with astounding velocity.
This shape and the Tamaroose writhe here and there
In desperate struggles. The demon's eyes glare
Upon the intruder with fell animosity.
The shape wars the fiend with the strength of despair.
The light falls; they fight in the deep tenebrosity.

In rushes the sentry, the noble Soosoon.
The flare of his torch lights the scene with its glow.
Poor Snomish lies pinioned, beginning to croon
The death song. Homomoh, the shuddering tune
Is choking to silence. Insufferable the blow
To haughty and loving Soosoon. In the noon
Of night he walks forth with his Snomish and woe.

Homomoh releases Tum Rusa. "My sister!"
 The young wife exclaims, and the girl understands.
 They stand face to face and their brilliant eyes glisten.
 "She came as the Tamaroose; I, to resist her."
 The matron explains with her eyes and her hands.
 "Poor Snomish is jealous." "How? This warrior kissed her!"
 "He loves her! Men bow! The Great Spirit commands!"

Soosoon kept his sweetheart enclasped to his breast
 And waited with patience for her to grow calm.
 "My Snomish," he whispered, with anguish repressed,
 "Your love for Multnomah stands boldly confessed
 By murderous jealousy. Felt you no qualm
 To rob him of love and this maiden distressed
 Of life? For our hearts, darling, earth knows no balm.

"Then listen! Beyond is a happy clime vernal.
 Come, journey with me to that glorious clime.
 We reach through the portals of death its eternal
 Beatitudes. May be no passions infernal
 Can trouble us in that existence sublime.
 And may be, together, love, in that supernal
 Abode of the soul you may love me, in time.

"Perhaps we will learn, when the journey is taken,
 And we are encamped in that land which afar lies,
 That life was an error here. Oh, to awaken
 To mutual love nevermore to be shaken
 By longings nor jealousies! Kiss me once, star eyes!
 Forgive me, you need not. Poor, lovelorn, forsaken,
 My Snomish! In Hunting Grounds there never are sighs!

"Far east of the mountains, far out on the plains,
 The hunter pursues the big game in its haunts.
 His tongue scorches dry in the terrible pains
 Of thirst, and the agony withers his brains.
 Gohugon makes lakes in the desert. His wants
 Seem satisfied. On and on, ever he strains.
 The lake still eludes him. Gohugon still taunts.

"And love was my fatal mirage! I am lost!
 I followed the oasis since when I kissed you.
 I still dreamed the marge of the pool might be crossed.
 Now down in the burning sands, sweet, I have tossed
 My weary form. Darling, I could not resist you.
 You, sweet, are Gohugon, and death is the cost
 Of chasing your phantom. O, love, I have missed you."

"Release me. The ache in my breast paralyzes.
 I meditate murder, Soosoon, no more now.
 My wicked heart no longer, my friend, disguises
 Its hell from my soul. A new feeling baptizes
 My being. In lowly contrition I bow.
 Up there, on the Bridge of the Gods, friend, when rises
 The round moon at sunset we will meet anyhow."

He loosened his arms, but his hands to her tips
 Kept slipping along her, as she glided away.
 The shadows envelop her. Ere long she slips
 Again to his presence, she noiselessly trips
 And pulls herself up, in a whisper to say:
 "You—may—kiss—me—once—if—you—wish—on—my—lips—
 No! Then—when—Well, half of it here, any way!"

Inside the tall guard lodge he silently stepped.
 The girl and the woman were snugly in bed.
 He saw that the captive contentedly slept.
 Homomoh made gestures that vigil she kept,
 And softly he vanished. The stars overhead
 Were dancing the joy of his hope. And he wept,
 And sweet to his soul were the tears that he shed.

At morning when Humyuk made search for his spouse,
 He found her just come from the tall prison tepee.
 He greeted the vagrant with raised wondering brows.
 She goes to his side and demurely allows
 Herself led away. "She was sick. I got sleepy.
 The very idea! A guard lodge to house
 The young bride of Humyuk! Oh, do you feel creepy?"

The council supreme of the tribes has convened.
 The flames of the torches sink, flicker and flare.
 The moon by a feather of vapor is screened.
 Multnomah is present, in eagle plume preened.
 Tum Rusa, proud, haughty, in hidden despair.
 The Tamaroose gloats on the girl like a fiend.
 The sachems and warriors sit stolid and stare.

Surrounding the court surge the masses potential.
 The Clan of the Bear by Shoshoraw addresses
 The sober tribunal. Each potent essential
 Of eloquence uses he. Brave, influential,
 Bloodthirsty, he feels what he fiercely expresses.
 Contagious, infectious, unbound, pestilential,
 The hunger for prey sways the mob as he progresses.

"Our conquering forefathers witnessed the swell
Of flames from yon mountains when earth was a forge.
They roamed till the world was their conquest; to quell
And humble their foes was their glory. Our knell
Shall never be heard. Their great charge we discharge.
Our children, unconquered, in these haunts shall dwell
As long as the Oregon sweeps through the gorge.

"They raced overjoyed to the battle to show men
How courage can laugh the Avenger to scorn.
Their arrows were thunderbolts. Woe smote the foemen
Who ventured to war with our god-statured bowmen.
Of women embraced by the gods they were born.
Their sun has not set if their sons will rise, O men!
And greet as war eagles the dawning great morn.

"The warsong of olden times—Listen! I hear it!
These crags are still nursing its echoings hoary.
Our fathers once stormed the wide Oregon. Near it
Their foes lay intrenched and repulsed them. Then clear, it
Soon flowed to the ocean waves, crimson and gory.
The Bridge of the Gods for our sires the Great Spirit
Erected. They made it the war trail to glory.

"Our wigwams are darkened. Our war chief is camping
Along the worn trail to the silent Hereafter.
Our feet the slow steps of the grave march are tramping,
Rent arrows the door of his wigwam are clamping.
All dark is his lodge from the robe to the rafter.
The feet of our foes of the prairies are stamping
In festival dances; their throats bubble laughter.

"The maiden must perish. Her soul shall go winging
Along the dank vault of the merciless tomb.
Around her I see the red fireflames up springing.
Around her I see the wide whirl dance go swinging.
Multnomah brings Mohok a victim. Doom! Doom!
The spirit of Mohok shall hear her soul singing
And know that the tribes of our foes are in gloom.

"The gods of our fathers a sacrifice claim.
The steam of boiled blood and the smoke of burnt brains
Arise as sweet incense and smell in the frame
Of heaven. The Great Spirit, ever the same,
Shall sniff of the offering with joy where he reigns.
Multnomah! The name in tradition shall flame
As long as the silver moon waxes and wanes.

"Our fathers drank blood in the grand times of yore;
 Their foes fled before them, despairing, heart-broken.
 Our gods by propitiate libations of gore
 No more we appease and we conquer no more.
 The skies give no sign for we offer no token.
 The torture stake waits for her groans. Pass the score.
 The Tamaroose yearns for his charge. I have spoken."

True eloquence bourgeons and fruits in the throng.
 The heart throb of masses is real oratory.
 Who stands for the right, or supports the dark wrong,
 By smiting the chords sympathetic of strong
 Opinion or wish gains the garlands of glory.
 Sweet tongues can from hell learn a burden of song,
 While man is a savage Fame's list will look gory.

Multnomah stood dumb, his inscrutable face
 Betraying no sign of dissent or assent.
 A silence oppressive hung over the place.
 Tum Rusa posed proud in her willowy grace,
 Her roaming dark eyes on the audience bent.
 And then Pandemonium reigned. Dome to base
 The welkin by clamors for torture was rent.

The Red Man had spoken with tongue, face, form, hands,
 By motions suggestive, by glances of fire.
 Tum Rusa had followed. She well understands
 The frenzy that maddens the blood craving bands.
 She glanced at her love and her lover, while higher
 The tumult kept raging. His aspect commands
 A hope in her bosom that will not expire.

Soosoon, as a panther to ravening flies,
 Now leaps to the side of the maiden. "My sister!"
 He roared, and the bedlam was hushed in surprise.
 "My sister! I claim her! Our code justifies
 The claim of affection. My sister!" He kissed her.
 "I champion the child! Mark! The enemy dies
 Who pants for her blood! My soul could not resist her."

Shoshoraw was first to demand, and received,
 The right to dispute the adoption by battle.
 Now labored the breath of Multnomah and heaved
 His mighty heart. Snomish in agony grieved.
 The multitudes surged round the warriors like cattle.
 By death must the triumph when won be achieved,
 The prize is the life of the nude human chattel.

Shoshoraw, gigantic, and seasoned in war,
Above his antagonist towered in size.
His visage demoniac, by war paint and scar
Disfigured, dehumanized, smiles of scorn wore.
The youthful Soosoon with his adversary vies
In perfect physique. With a rush and a jar
They clinch in the grapple where life is the prize.

The ring of onlookers has broadened. The lines
Inside are prone, others kneel, more stand behind.
The circle the girl with the fighters confines.
No diamond ever was dug from the mines
That shone as her eyes shone; they dazzle, they blind.
She watches the struggle. No witness divines
The purpose that burns in the depths of her mind.

The struggle proceeds. Human flesh in their grips
Is crushed to a tumor of blood. From their teeth
In grins of ferocity curl back their lips.
The sweat pours in streams from their shoulders and hips.
Hoarse whistles through nostrils distended the breath
Of each straining warrior. The agile girl trips
Aside from the whirls of the wager of death.

The strength of Shoshoraw must tell at the close.
At hand is the end of the desperate fight.
A clutch gets his throat and Soosoon dizzy grows.
His eyes leave their sockets. Blood spouts from his nose.
The soul from his shape is preparing for flight.
Shoshoraw's freed hand swings in trip hammer blows,
And Snomish flies shrieking and fades in the night.

Tum Rusa has crouched like a leopard and flung
Her weight with one spring on Shoshoraw's huge shoulders.
Unerring her hands to his visage are swung,
His eyes feel her fingers probe deeply; and stung
With horrible pain he goes down. The beholders
Stare mesmerized. Death on their voices seems hung.
The hate that could tear limb from limb only smoulders.

"Hold still!" a vast voice like a trumpet rings loud.
Multnomah steps forward, his hand swung on high.
"Shoshoraw shall judge. Thus Multnomah has vowed.
Shoshoraw shall judge." This keeps quiet the crowd.
"Shoshoraw shall judge. Was she sister? Reply!
If sister, adopted, her deed was allowed.
If sister not, surely the maiden shall die!

Sweet child, what a beautiful, bountiful world
Comes sliding, goes gliding, along like a dream!
What grand panoramas before you unfurled!
What rare cycloramas behind you are whirled!
The sunbeams aglance on the Oregon gleam
As silvers the lovelight the waves which are curled
By zephyrs of peace on your life's noble stream.

And once when the oarblade was resting a term
He pinched her bared arm with tormenting design.
She wriggled and writhed in his legs like a worm,
And spurned the rude touch with a petulant squirm.
In fury pretended his flashing eyes tine,
And raising her roughly, and holding her firm,
He tasted again her ripe lips' ruby wine.

Her joy she dissembled in hot indignation,
Pretending her blushes were flushes of rage.
Revived by the kiss and the sweet stimulation,
He bent to his work with a grim desperation,
And left her in day dreams again to engage.
And love was the theme of her rapt meditation,
And youth is the golden—the one golden—age.

The sun was just tipping the rim of the billows
Of sand when the girl made a violent start.
He looked, and far east, where the radiance mellowed
The tumulous masses of floating cloud pillows,
Are columns of smoke, understood by his art.
An island is near him, and under its willows
He shoots the canoe with the speed of a dart.

"Interpret those signals!" by signs he commands.
She answered: "The tongue of the smoke is not short.
The Red Man, who catches the fish on the sands,
As far as the mountains, the tongue understands.
Our braves will be waiting your flight to abort.
Our hunters are scattered. The bows in their hands
Are strong. Their sharp arrows your triumph will thwart."

"Multnomah!" he answered, with infinite pride,
And swung his right hand to his heart to attest it.
"Multnomah!" she panted. "Multnomah!" she cried.
And then with a pleasure she cared not to hide
She blurted her name ere she thought to arrest it.
His wild exultation all effort defied
To keep it concealed, for his manner expressed it.

"My children. Affection scorns bonds as the storm,
 My children. Soosoon has no fault but his love,
 My children. Around me old memories swarm,
 My children. A vision my old heart makes warm,
 My children. Our war clans wide conquering rove,
 My children. They follow Multnomah's tall form,
 My children. The Great Spirit smiles from above,

"My children. Shoshoraw is mighty and stern,
 My children. Soosoon is intrepid, but young,
 My children. Domestic hate must no more burn,
 My children. Your ire on our foes must you turn,
 My children. Your Tamaroose wags a just tongue,
 My children. Multnomah, the council adjourn!
 My children, our war chief shall keep her. Choo mung!"

Soosoon flung himself with his face to the ground
 To cover the triumph he could not conceal.
 Multnomah crossed over, impassively bound
 His arm round her shoulders, gazed calmly around,
 And ended the council. His actions reveal
 No hint of the bliss that has suddenly crowned
 His life with such joy. The hushed throngs homeward steal.

Ah, maiden! in his lodge, in gloom immersed,
 How stoops the brave in trembling arms to catch you!
 How kisses rain to quench the raging thirst!
 Simoons of passion, on you how they burst!
 How stiff and cold you are in arms that snatch you!
 How passive, sweetheart! Stone at best and worst!
 Such fire of love might thaw a brazen statue!

How license took his loving hands that durst
 In volar osculations stroke and pat you!
 Nor blench nor yield you, darling. Sung, rehearsed,
 The song, the tale, of passion; yet, as first
 You were, you are: an idol stone might match you.
 And now he wakens; shrinks as if accursed;
 And drops you—staggers from you—shudders at you.

He coaxes the coals in the pit till they flame,
 And lays a few sticks to keep burning the blaze.
 Now, gazing upon him, girl, bitterly blame
 Your heart for misjudging and shrink in your shame,
 Yet, womanlike, sting with your weapon that slays.
 With gestures contemptuous and scornful looks frame
 The taunt you may rue to the end of your days.

"Your people are wolves. And they howled as that beast
Yelped hot for my blood. I abhor you with hisses.

My brother took ruth as the ravings increased.

You skulked with your packs. You were neutral at least.
You stirred not to snatch him from death's deep abysses.

All risk past, you sneak here on lewd love to feast.
You sicken, insult me with cowardly kisses."

Hell yawned to disgorge from its brimstony deeps
A legion of tempters to tear him asunder.

Dark Murder, blood-dabbled, seductively sweeps

Before him. Fell Torture his company keeps.

Wild Hate yells his rage in the accents of thunder.

Brute Ravishment pale in his intellect creeps.

He conquers them all and he tramples them under.

"Multnomah! forgive me and love me once more!

I perjured myself, by Resentment suborned.

I love you! I idolize! worship! adore!

[whore!

Your queen, king! Your wife, man! Your sweetheart, love!
Oh, anything, anything, love, love adorned!

Caress me! Embrace me! Love! must I implore,

A woman, overpowered by Passion, and scorned?"

This coaxing entreaty, this passionate prayer,
She voiced by her acts, without audible sound.

She sprang to his bosom, clung nestlingly there,

His arm drew around her, tall, beautiful, bare,

Tiptoed, with hot kisses his sulking mouth crowned,

Embraced him, and bit him, sweet, daring deeds rare,
And hurled her sweet shape on the pitiless ground.

He lifted her gently. A mother will lift

Her babe with the same deft considerate care.

On robes 'neath the lodge poles, as soft as a drift

That forms when the snow feathers airily sift

From winter skies, left he the damsel so fair.

Her eyes, large and bright as fine stars in a rift
Of clouds, seek his soul with a hungering stare.

He reached for a thong which hung coiled on a hook.
She sped like a swallow and weighed down his arm.

"A princess! A queen am I! Bind me not! Look!"

Like palsy the hands on his nervous arm shook.

"Tum Rusa will fly not, nor work herself harm.

She swears, by the dust of her fathers, to brook
Her sentence resigned." And he bowed to her charm.

The soul of the eagle can never despond.
She crept to her couch and in slumber divested
Her brain of its troubles. In Dreamland she conned
Unutterable wooings and coquetries fond
Once more to restore those relations which rested
Till lately so stably on love. And she donned
A garb at the dawn and stole forth unmolested.

She baked for his breakfast his salmon and roe.
Her efforts to labor she offered to lend,
But me a rebuff from the squaws. To and fro
She wandered disconsolate. Many bestow
Cold eyes on Multnomah for risking to lend
Her freedom. And yet ere the sunset's red glow,
She made one devoted, stanch, powerful friend.

He strode through the door of the lodge like a prince,
Six-year-old, tall, proud, bold, and naked as could be;
His hair dyed in midnight, his skin showing glints
Of copper and gold, with the rich scarlet tints
Of young blood below it; unshamed as he should be;
A bow in one hand, in the other twain flints—
A king in embryo, not would-be, but would be!

He stopped in surprise—attitude of a god!
Their eyes on each other in sympathy bend.
She made the first overtures, sweet smiles, a nod;
And forward, with cordial responses, he trod.
They both crave warm sympathy—both need a friend.
Outside a firm step on the carpet of sod—
She flirts up the rug, he dives under the end.

And in marched Shoshoraw, as startling a sight
As might be encountered in many a long day.
A wound in his face trickled blood. With delight
He smeared it about him. His face was a fright.
His throat and his chest were the field of a fray.
Multnomah made signals as swift as he might,
And grimly the terrible man walked away.

The youth from concealment crawled forth on all fours.
His father, Shoshoraw, departing, he saw.
By signs to Tum Rusa: "I shoot some indoors.
Shoshoraw is pleased at my target-made scores,
Puts leaf stem in mouth, I the bowstring, thus, draw,
The nasty old knot slips, the stupid point bores
A big bloody hole in the skin of his jaw."

"Be sure that Tum Rusa blames not the fine boy
For leaving his home. She is sure he can do it.

You practice it here where no one can annoy.

Go, shoot! See, my mouth holds a leaf." Wild with joy
He backed off, took aim, and the shaft whistled through it.

"Success should the stigma of failure destroy!"

She smiled and concluded: "You could and I knew it!"

Turgescient with pride, he caught hold of her wrist,
And hauled her along down the wide village square.

However reluctant, she would not resist,

For mauger all ridicule, even if hissed,

To do the lad's wishes resolves she to dare.

The hues of the poppies her features have kissed

When they reach his home, and Shoshoraw is there.

And down on the floor he compels her to squat.
He measures six straddles away to position.

The leaf never quivers. He hauls on the spot.

Now drawn to the head, the momentous test shot
Is sped with the vaunt of a marksman magician.

Dead center the dart clips the after-torn slot,

And big swells the bowman with sated ambition.

The urchin, Shushuyuk, came often to talk
And romp with the captive Tum Rusa. One night

As near her he passed in his proud stately walk

She caught him. He struggled, attempting to balk

Her aim, but she kissed him, embarrassed him quite

By squeezings and motherings. Away like a hawk

He flew, when she loosed him, and vanished from sight.

Multnomah had witnessed. The infinite yearnings
Expressed smote within him an answering chord.

The hunger, the thirst, and the hopeless heart burnings,

The bitter remonstrances, violent spurnings,

Which warred in her bosom in his bosom warred.

These cravings of spirits in earthly sojournings

Are Statutes of Nature—are Laws of the Lord.

She bounced from the carpet and rushed to the door.
The full moon—in half a moon more she must perish!

Divine, but essentially human, she wore,

Ethereal, yet voluptuously woman, she bore,

Nubility's glories and charms. "Love and cherish!"

His soul the electric edict reads as pour

The moonbeams upon her effulgent yet garish.

The Awful Voice roared in her ears, "You are doomed!"
 The sweet face grew wistful and wan and distressed.
 The same dreadful sentence in his hearing boomed.
 One moment her form in the radiance loomed,
 The next she had flung herself down on his breast.
 Cold Winter has wafted, warm Summer has bloomed.
 Now, Lucifer, Hesperus, tarry—"Kook Whest!"

Just cozily couched, her face tingling with kisses,
 Trim, sylphine, and languorous, squeezed and caressed,
 She sprang with a jump from the bower of blisses,
 In mind disconcerted, disheveled in tresses,
 And groped to the entrance to welcome her guest.
 He sees she is dressed for a plunge in abysses
 Of sleep, or, in other words, sees her undressed.

The lovers who loiter to talk in the gloaming
 Count even the nightingale's warbling a pest.
 The maiden who sees her serenader come roaming
 To sing at her window is sad that the combing
 And lulling waves sound while he tunes her his best.
 Some other time sweeter to her than the foaming
 Wine tastes to the bibber would sound his "Kook Whest!"

She kneels down before him fond greetings to smile.
 Her first kiss he shrank from, but now he wants more of them.
 He looked at her great glossy tresses awhile,
 Where lustrous they tumbled upon her, a pile
 Of ebon silk, twirled in his hand three or four of them,
 And signed: "I have come to sleep with you!" Sans guile,
 Sans garb, and sans shame. Kisses? Surely! A score of them!

Multnomah could hear their soft laughter, suppressed,
 The flirt and the flounder, the flounce and the giggle.
 The kisses he knew were by proxy addressed
 To him. But a kiss by a deputy—whest!
 Vicarious squeezes! No wonder you wriggle!
 They tickle, they tease; and they jumble, they jest;
 They wrestle, they romp, they writhe, wiggledy jiggle.

But Morpheus soon seals their lids. Even in sleep
 Her ruby lips coo in devotion's somniloquy.
 Unlocalized, drowsy, the murmurings creep
 And croon through the umbery demigloom's deep,
 Much smacking of weird but unstudied ventriloquy.
 The warrior still clings on the brink of the steep
 Of Slumberland, drinking her jargon soliloquy.

"Multnomah, I hurl myself into your arms!
 Remember, in half a moon more I must die, dear!
 The River of Death! how it founders and barms!
 Compassionate, love, be seduced by my charms!
 You could, if you would, and you should, love me! Try, dear!
 My heart is a frigid tarn; nevermore warms
 The solar caloric of love its deeps. Why, dear?"

"The length of a life is not measured in years;
 One moment of love may epitomize ages.
 The ocean of woe is not fathomed by tears;
 The cruellest blows do not scourge us from biers;
 Remorse is the throe that no remedy suages,
 "The happiness CAUSED in our mortal careers!"
 By that the Great Judge of Eternity guages.

"O, dreams of my girlhood, forever farewell!
 Existence, Existence, with treasures so rife,
 Farewell! This brief moon tolls my funeral knell.
 Vain sobs of regret have no virtue to quell
 The monster which shuts off the fountains of life.
 But darling, time bides yet, though fleeting the spell,
 To make me a sweetheart, a bride, and your wife!"

The night to a rosy red finish has worn.
 Roriferous breezes are rousing the birds.
 Tum Rusa is laughing, yet yonder the bourn
 Is seen where the soul from the body is torn.
 He watches their language flow on without words.
 She laughs in rich melody. Ought she to mourn?
 Love's bowl being drained, come, Death, smite it to sherds.

Soosoon, from the combat, repaired to the springs
 Which boiled near the village. Medicinal mud,
 Secured from the steaming hot quagmires, soon brings
 The sting from his wounds. All the gore stain that clings
 About him he laves in the simmering flood.
 Then off to find Snomish, his soul on the wings
 Of joy, and the lyric of love in his blood.

She heard the great shout of Multnomah that stilled,
 Before they had broken, the gathering storms.
 The sound served to thaw the cold horror that chilled
 Her bosom; she paused in her maddened flight, filled
 With hope. As he sought her she sprang to his arms.
 "My loved one! my love! I believed you were killed!"
 She sobbed as in clasps he enveloped her charms.

Rare oint for his wounds, a rich brew from love's bowl,
And balm for his heart, her sweet womanly care
Administered. Thrice the wide star pictures roll
In broad revolutions encircling the pole,
And then in the gloaming they clamber the stair
That winds up the Bridge of the Gods. In her soul
She knows what she goes to have offered her there.

Girl, where are you going? Girl, what are you doing?
These questions propounded themselves to her heart.
Now under her brows she intently is viewing
Her stalwart bethrothed and remembering the wooing
That other time here on this height. With a start
Of terror she stopped, and rebellion is brewing.
"To cherish each other till death us shall part."

The solemn thought whispered itself in her ears.
Again her fair hands to his hold she surrendered.
Strange animal! gone are the tremors and fears.
"I love you!" she babbled, with laughter and tears,
And faced him with courage that love had engendered.
Her tremblings were tremblings of blisses, not fears,
As sweetly she raised for the kiss that he tendered.

Meander they slowly the cloud-kissing road;
Youth's treasury bulges with bullions of time.
Exalted in spirits, on pinions they rode.
The universe throbs with a palpitant ode.
Melodious in rhythm, paradisaean in rhyme.
An ode? Say an epic! Grand symphonies flowed
From choirs in the crystalline, wondrous, sublime.

"Behold, this is hallowed ground; here were we pledged."
The citadel trembles, expecting the storm.
"Here hazarded Passion its wings fully fledged
To spread on the deeps of joy's ocean unedged.
Come home to my heart, love. My Snomish! My charm!"
For pearls of entreaty his mind sea he dredged
And hung them in strands on her glorious form.

"Oh, please, no!" He staggered away from the blow.
"Soosoon, you are grand! I am wicked and mean!
My heart is uncertain. Forgive me if woe
I cause you, but darling, I think, ah, I know,
I yearn yet to marry Multnomah, his queen.
My heart is a shuttlecock banged to and fro.
My darling Soosoon—what a mystical scene!

"Quit looking so sad! Will you, sweetheart? Do, please!
Observe how the moon mirrors there on the stream.

The winds seem to grieve in these evergreen trees;
Those billowy clouds are like swells on the seas.
On Castle Rock see how the beacon lights gleam!

Sit down, love, and I will come loll on your knees,
And tell you a vision I saw in a dream.

"I stood on the Bridge of the Gods. Ah, behold!
The vista of ages to come is before me.

The billows of conquest are steadily rolled
Along by our armies triumphant and bold.
Now freezes my blood, and deep shudders crawl o'er me.

I weep in my trance and my pulses are cold:
'Gaze not on the scene,' some sad voices implore me.

"Torn down are the veils of futurity. Lo!

The Conqueror comes and Destruction before him.

I lift up mine eyes where the east is aglow—
The White Man! He comes on the world's edge. Woe! woe!
The Thunder God talks in the clouds to adore him.

Mut Squam hy Wisokok Tamoosish uh Sho!
The Red Men are blasted and withered before him.

"Enough now. I know you can not comprehend
Me, darling. (Your pain cuts my heart like a knife.)

I know not myself, love. Would you condescend
To want such a thing for your closer than friend?
Yet, dear, if you must risk your pleasure in life,
And dare all the torments that trouble can lend,
Why, here I am; take me, and make me your wife!"

Now rampant suggestions amuck in her skull
Run riot; the heart in her bosom sounds hollow.

"The kernel you keep, sweet, and offer the hull,"
His eyes seem to say; he looks helpless and dull.
She suddenly dashes away like a swallow.

And striving to deaden his anguish and lull
The pain in his bosom, he started to follow.

She came back to meet him, her chin on her breast.
"Soosoon, I am miserable! Sobs suffocate me!

Before I set out from the village I dressed
My hair for my nuptials, my form to be pressed
In bridal embraces; I meant you should mate me.

I love you, I know, but I feel so distressed;
Quit loving me, darling, and hate me, yes, hate me!"

"You willful, impulsive, emotional girl!
 I love you! This says so, and this does, and this does!
 I would not give one of these tresses that curl
 Upon your sweet shoulders for worlds. Bid me hurl
 Myself down the steep and see what the abyss does
 To daunt me. O, beautiful, beautiful, pearl!
 I love you! This says so, this kiss does, my bliss does!"

Multnomah is puzzled. Tum Rusa is doing
 Her best to evade him, elude, tantalize him.
 Fair wooed and fond wooer enraptured with wooing!
 Pursued and pursuer entranced with pursuing!
 To find her one moment alone she defies him.
 Parboiled in the kettle wherein he is stewing,
 One chance for a respite she archly denies him.

He dotes her pout mouth with a longing unbearable,
 So near yet so far, brain-deranging bonanza!
 Ah, modesty! maiden shy! flirt incomparable!
 His hunger is sore, but your yearning is terrible;
 So trifle, allure, and repel: the last stanza
 Of torment's libretto reads sometime, and sharable
 With you is his fret at this extravaganza.

On pedestal, statuesque, posed as Propriety,
 She stands and ignites him with queenly decorum.
 And chaperoned ever, by stately sobriety
 And dignified actions her single society
 She makes more desirable. Pulpit and forum
 May eloquence pour till it floods to satiety;
 But give him one session with her and love's quorum!

The precious time wastes with rapidity terrific
 As dallies the girl. Worry is furrowing his forehead.
 One morning he startled her with a specific
 Request for her company, O beautific
 Proposal, out hunting; heart hunger is horrid.
 Rare visions of rapture her soul teems prolific
 As nods she; her sweet breath comes gusty and torrid.

A little sly smile sprinkles dimples and coignes
 About her sweet face in its innocent purity,
 As bringing a stout thong demurely she joins
 Her wrists on each other just over her loins
 And waits till he knots them with careful security.
 A flinch snaps together her mouth's ivory quoins
 As strokes once his hand her arm's rounded maturity.

Multnomah heads moody and glum the procession,
 Tum Rusa behind him, Shushuyuk the tail end.
 They brook him along as an artless digression
 To love's sweet arraignment and sweeter confession;
 An interlude he will to pleasure's soft lay lend;
 The sweets the brave gets from his tempting possession
 The flavor of stolen sweets his presence may lend.

O, metamorphosis! the blest opportunity!
 Shushuyuk has vanished, a pheasant's brood chasing.
 The maiden is bound and the man with impunity
 Purloins from her treasures in perfect immunity.
 His chance and his charm he at once is embracing,
 Their lips coalesce and their souls flow in unity;
 The pathways of Eden their spirits are tracing.

"At last, dear, how kind, sweet! thus aye kind and good be.
 I must thank you—thank you, I must." And he thanked her.
 "I could not believe that so cruel you would be
 Forever, love. Sweet, you are sweet as you should be."
 With seraphim surely his reverence ranked her.
 "But you have been cruel, mine, cruel as could be!
 I must spank you—spank you, I must." And he spanked her.

The skies are the bluest when hearts are enamored.
 The world is the fairest when life reaches June.
 Betrothals are truest when vision is glamored
 By youth—when the Midas Touch—Passion—has hammered
 The idols of dross into gold, rust immune.
 For youth in perpetuity aeons have clamored,
 Then love songs are sweetest; then breasts throb in tune.

And maiden, farewell to your flowery May time,
 For merges its close into bowery June.
 Adieu to the dreams of life's rapturous play time,
 The grandeur of girlhood, the joys of the gay time
 When day broke too late and night settled too soon.
 These long merry days that you hustle away, Time,
 The after years crave as your blessedest boon.

What matters the place when the heart is in pawn?
 Environment counts no grave ills to annoy it.
 They wend their way aimless. An innocent fawn
 They spy a short bowshot away. Taut is drawn
 The terrible string in a trice to destroy it.
 "Wecutto!" the maiden pleads, touching his brawn.
 "Love, life is so sweet; let it live, to enjoy it."

The formidable bow is withdrawn. O, felicity!
 His nature, his instinct, her sovereignty own.
 Dumbfounded, Shushuyuk eyes this eccentricity
 With angry impatience. Excuse his complicity
 In such a proceeding. His arrow has flown.
 But bear grease on fingers and bowstring—lubricity—
 A slip—and the missile collides with a stone.

Archangel of Earth, Discontent, you the Trinity
 Commissions the Prodrome of all Revolutions.
 You prick at the soul to aspire to divinity.
 You quicken the spirit to pant for infinity.
 The cornerstones lay you of grand institutions;
 You megaphone down to mankind, "This vicinity
 is lowly. Arise, to magnific prosecutions!"

The mortal is torpid who tastes satisfaction
 Of any ambition this side of the gloom
 Of change. Man must stagnate or die by inaction.
 Expansion suspended mind suffers contraction.
 The amaranth life should be known by its bloom;
 The law of the cosmic creation is action.
 The laurel grows nowhere this side of the tomb.

The wrath of Shushuyuk from violence sinks
 To sulkiness. Following Tum Rusa, he eyes her
 And meditates vengeance. He touches her, winks,
 With crafty steps paces behind her, and thinks
 With joy of his wit as he deftly unties her.
 She springs on the chief and around his neck links
 Her arms. With feigned rage he proceeds to chastise her.

He swings her in front and so viciously squeezes
 Her ribs that she squeals and he spans her for squealing.
 He snaps at her lips but his hold never freezes;
 He stoops to her throat and voraciously seizes
 A bite of her satin skin. Shrieking, appealing,
 The child dances round them. The warrior appeases
 His ire and his hunger, his passion concealing.

The delicate shape of a maiden is built
 To suffer such punishment—laugh at it merely.
 The boy thinks the girl is beginning to wilt,
 A blossom so crushed, but the motive is guilt
 That shrivels her down and abashes her so queerly.
 She feels impudicity's blush from the tilt—
 Ashamed of herself and her transports—sincerely.

How easy can Cupid suggest fine excuses!
 Her fetters removed, he must hold her, perforce.
 How easy life's nectar to drain from its cruses,
 How easy to squeeze from love's orange its juices!
 When butler and vintner the rapine indorse!
 When both of her daedal hands claim the child's uses
 In play games her waist is her handle, of course.

What poems, what music, what statues, what deeds!
 Serbonian quicksands of procrastination,
 Your treacherous tophets engulf as time speeds!
 What empires are swallowed! what heroes, what creeds!
 Are sunk in your bottomless mires, O, degradation
 Of mankind! What men and what women wear weeds
 For lives worse than wasted in your captivation!

The condor essays the void altitudes rare
 And sleeps in empyrean cold on his wings.
 Far better to build cloud-capped castles in air
 Than never to build anything anywhere.
 The oak from the acorn cup heavenward springs.
 The throat of the bulbul would silver chords bear
 No more if she sang not the songs that she sings.

When life has passed noon we gaze back with regret
 And luscious fruits see that we passed without tasting.
 We know that they stooped as we passed them to let
 Us pluck them; we know that we wanted them, yet
 They hang there forever passed, withering, wasting.
 Ah, well, we remember them, would not forget
 Them, neither, for they will be sweet everlasting.

So many we gathered and gormandized ashes
 Became in our mouths let us joy that a few
 We passed unmolested. The cool calabashes
 We filled where the fountain of pleasure purls, plashes,
 How many were nectar? How many were rue?
 The Apple of Eden was sweet till the gashes
 Of lusting teeth poisoned its juicy pulp through.

Crepuscular Sorcerer, surely the gratitude
 Of lovers you justly may claim as your due;
 Full many a delightful, delectable attitude
 Is struck in the sanction of your winking latitude,
 That sober refulgence would straightly eschew:
 "I love you!" can tremble in many a sweet platitude;
 "I want you!" can likewise in eke not a few.

The boy made the coy maid return with avidity
 The kisses he kissed on the bloom of her mouth.
 When Cupid is sceptred he smothers cupidity;
 Moreover, to hoard even sweets is stupidity;
 What needs irrigation where never comes drouth?
 And odorless gales that blow over aridity
 May cargoes of redolence bring from the south.

At dewfall they home came. The maiden capricious,
 Became irresponsive, aloof, melancholy.
 The stroll, the communion, the junkets delicious,
 The dream sweet embraces, the joys surreptitious,
 Seem cycles old. Ah! the futility—folly—
 And pity—of bliss at the tomb! Avaricious
 Of life for the sake of love, yet—nesco wahly.

Her mind was perplexed. She could note the seditious
 And menacing thoughts that were leavening the tribes.
 Her foes were too tranquil, his friends too officious;
 Inveterate hatred and envy malicious
 The popular mind from such leaven imbibes.
 Multnomah's suspected attachment her vicious
 And strong opposition to witchcraft ascribes.

The darkness grew palpable. Tangible fog
 Hung low on the river. Shushuyuk was gone.
 Tum Rusa, with soft expectation agog,
 Divested of raiment and trinket and tog,
 Is gently abducted. Not suffered to don
 Her garments she seizes them up. And they jog
 Along to the river, embark, and sail on.

His kiss says, I love you. Her tremble replies.
 Her breast is aflutter, her blood is aflow.
 Her language is foreign, he laughs when she tries
 To argue. She scolds him, she kisses him, sighs.
 His meaning, Be mine! he compels her to know.
 And dumb in perplexity, helpless she lies,
 Too coy to say Yes, and too fond to say No!

In Memphian gloom they are lonesomely buried.
 In Memphian gloom is the ardent suit pressed.
 In Memphian gloom they are noiselessly ferried.
 In Memphian gloom they are silently carried.
 In Memphian gloom she permits his conquest.
 In Memphian gloom they are lovingly married.
 In Memphian gloom man and wife are caressed.

The roar of Kotitok! They steer by the sound.
 They beach the canoe and the thicket they thread.
 They clamber the towering crag forest crowned,
 And there in the gloom and the thunder profound,
 The bride to the Bower of Hymen is led.
 Her long braided tresses are slowly unbound
 And under her shoulders luxuriously spread.

A Zephyr blows out of the south and the mist
 Is swept from the gorge and goes sailing away.
 Afar up above them Kotitok is kissed
 By starlight, down by them the waters are hissed,
 And far down below them the spouts go to spray.
 The bride for a little while lingers to list
 To what the grand cataract's wraith has to say.

Supine, she looks up to the great silent stars.
 "They watch us!" she coos. "Well, they wink at our blisses!"
 The galaxy spans with its nebulous bars
 The mighty dome; pageants of shadowy cars
 Roll smoothly along through the boundless abysses.
 But senses are merged; panting ecstasy mars
 Extraneous views in the rapture of kisses.

Ah, virgin novitiates! Oh, recent initiates!
 The nuptial arcanum, bisexual biunity,
 Is mystery still, though affection officiates
 To fend from the stain of the venom that vitiates
 The fountains that well in unchaste opportunity.
 However, the trial to solve it propitiates
 The principle, Life, in connubial community.

The last day of grace for Tum Rusa expired.
 No symptom of terror her bearing displays.
 As dark as her foemen sardonic desired
 The inky night fell as the daylight retired.
 The dread preparations she calmly surveys.
 The firewood prepared, and the kindling required,
 Are piled round the torture-stake ready to blaze.

Encouraged and soothed by her warrior's embraces,
 She waits with impatience the time to arrive.
 Undressed, in the glory of youth and the graces
 Of beauty bewildering, she treads and retraces
 The length of their home, then bounds back to revive
 The blisses of loving caresses. In races
 Shushuyuk appalled. They to calm him contrive.

The bride and the bridegroom a lingering farewell
Exchange and the chieftain repairs to his post.
He raises his hand in a gesture to quell
The wild acclamations that rumble and swell
Spontaneous and deep from the turbulent host.
He speaks to the Tamaroose—utters the knell
Of doom for his wife with the voice of a ghost.

The Tamaroose starts, but a wild, frenzied cry
Is raised by Shushuyuk, who resists at her door.
He heaves back a bolt to the flint to let fly,
Tum Rusa destroys it; his bow swings on high,
And showers of blows on the Tamaroose pour.
The Tamaroose strikes with a long-practiced eye,
And covers the face of the urchin with gore.

The crafty old dotard had not lived in vain
Ten decades; he knew human nature too well.
Regret wrung his heart as he dealt the boy pain.
Tum Rusa took up the limp champion to rain
Her kisses and tears on his face. With a yell
Remonstrant, Shoshoraw attempted to gain
Release from the throngs that raved round like a hell.

Multnomah confronted Shoshoraw. "Make room!"
The giant cried hoarsely, his eyes blazing wild.
"Shoshoraw pronounced for the maiden her doom.
Shoshoraw reverses his judgment. The tomb
Is shut by my hands, friends." The Tamaroose smiled.
My boy claims his sister this beauteous Bloom
Of the Prairie; his sister is surely my child."

Multnomah allowed him to pass. Through the crowd
He ploughed like an avalanche. Up in his arms
He hoisted Tum Rusa. She meekly allowed
Herself to be lifted and modestly bowed
Her chin on her breast in humility's charms.
Soosoon and sweet Snomish their friendship avowed.
Homomoh and Humyuk advance their bold forms.

As first in the distance the low sullen roar
Betokens the gathering winds of the air,
A hum like the welter of waves on the shore
Is heard in the masses, to swell more and more,
And culminate soon, as the Clan of the Bear
The battle yell raises. The clansmen outpour
Their souls in the tumult and kindred declare.

And Snomish hauls down from Shoshoraw's huge shoulder
 The naked wife, gathers a robe round her waist,
 Looks round on the hesitant throngs and grows bolder,
 Approaches Multnomah, her breast growing colder,
 And gives him his love. As the form is embraced
 With fervor, the passions of Snomish, that smoulder
 In secret, blaze forth, and she cowers, disgraced.

As sidelong she glances, Soosoon gets her eyes,
 His features convulsive with pity and pain.
 In guilty shame crimsoned too deep to disguise
 Her secrets, she gropes to his presence, the dyes
 Of shame growing deeper and darker in stain.
 "Tomorrow! The Bridge of the Gods!" Weary sighs
 He hears in her whispers and pities in vain.

"Attend!" says Multnomah. "This general session
 Convened for a purpose, a purpose well known.
 Give ear! Let Multnomah make open confession
 In public assembly a heinous transgression.
 This girl is my wife! I am here to atone
 The crime, alien marriage. Get not the impression
 I crave you the torture to spare or postpone.

"I stood as a hostage. I bind to the stake
 This captive the Tamaroose gave to my care.
 My heart had grown thirsty. I ventured to slake
 That thirst at the fountain of love for the sake
 Of love. We the bliss shared, the agonies will share.
 My heart stands here bound to the stake, but I make
 No murmur at justice, for mercy no prayer.

"I think the Great Spirit directed my feet.
 He gave me my idol, he smiled when I kissed her.
 He caused me to love her, my breast filled replete
 With rapture. Love maddened my heart and it beat
 With hunger so keen that I could not resist her.
 A wife in our wigwams I never could meet;
 Each dame is my mother; each daughter, my sister.

"Behold! I am ready these fagots to fire.
 In Hunting Grounds Happy at sunrise we roam.
 Rejoice as we burn on our funeral pyre,
 But think of Chief Mohok and grant one desire.
 As sweet as the stuff in the clear honeycomb
 My wife is; spare insults; no more I require
 In heed of my rank for the queen of my home."

He kindles the fuel; it bursts into flame.
 He leaps to her side; smoke and fire round them rise.
 With quivers of triumph he played the bold game,
 And reached the denouement dramatic with shame;
 But life was her stake and sweet love was her prize.
 "Multnomah! Multnomah!" They thundered his name.
 Reverberant thunders came back from the skies.

With resin and pitch the flames crackle and roar,
 But willing hands snatch from the red conflagration
 The king and the consort. A jubilant corps
 Of damsels, forgetting the hatred of yore,
 Begins the gay wedding dance. Glee, animation,
 Good feeling relations of friendship restore.
 The torture rite turns to a queen's coronation.

Sweet Snomish is paired with Soosoon in the dance.
 The throbs of the tamtams and songs rise to madness.
 She feels the warm rake of his amorous glance;
 She trembles with rapture, with ecstasy pants;
 Her soul levitates in the aether of gladness.
 Yet a quaver of discord in every strain rants,
 Somewhere in her heart is a cavern of sadness.

By some sudden shift of dance legerdemain
 As partners are parted sweet Snomish becomes
 The foil of Multnomah. Her blood sings. A pain
 Of pleasure dilates eyes and nostrils. A strain
 Of melody over her heart strings runs—thrums.
 Soosoon has Tum Rusa; and Snomish, insane
 With passion, to fierce jealous anger succumbs.

She burst from the giddy revolvings and fled.
 Tum Rusa the violent parting espied
 And followed. The fugitive halted and said:
 "I hate you!" The heart of the gentle queen bled
 With pity. "I love you!" she mildly replied.
 And down on her shoulder she drew the proud head,
 And kissed the sweet face till it stared, dewy-eyed.

Soosoon and Multnomah drew near. The quartette
 Had nothing to say and they silently said it.
 The shame-reddened Snomish, a spoiled, humored pet,
 Yoked in with Soosoon, and each happy duette
 Came back to the dance with a kiss to its credit.
 And Snomish behaved as an artless coquette,
 And mad whirled the vortex of joy, for she led it.

Soosoon left his sweetheart at home at sunrise.
He held by her fingers. She raised on tiptoes.
"Soosoon! when night settles, your foolish girl hies
Herself to the Bridge of the Gods." Her dark eyes
Were tear damp. "You still want your love, I suppose.
I go there to wed or—to—die!" He replies:
"Wherever goes Snomish, Soosoon with her goes."

Requite such devotion! She clung to his hands.
She drew him inside. His hopes soared to the sky.
"At twilight we meet where the stunted fir stands
And waves to the glorious scene that expands
Embracing the Oregon—marry—or—die!
I love you; but Impulse my actions commands,
But meet me there! Greet me there! Kiss me! Good-bye!"

At noon in the woods she was singing and combing
The long lustrous locks of her wonderful hair.
At sunset the Oregon neath her was foaming.
At dusk on the Bridge of the Gods she was roaming!
And nearing the keystone, flushed, dreamy, scared, fair.
She came to the cloud-cutting crest at the gloaming,
And found whom she knew she would find waiting there.

She tried to discourage, by mien cold and sour,
An amorous meeting, but Passion defies
The will of a woman and vain human power.
Her bosom is pressed to his breast, and a shower
Of kisses he rains on her throat, lips, and eyes.
If Youth is her realm, health and beauty her dower,
The soul of a maiden for such greeting sighs.

Her rosy lips pout in a ripe inflorescence,
Her face overshadows with petulant frowns;
But bursts into bloom with auroral rubescence
As love from her sweet mouth extracts joy's quintessence;
Caressing the cup of her ecstasy crowns.
She quivers with bliss in the warm coalescence;
And Anger in oceans of happiness drowns.

Perforce they reluctantly rouse from their trance
And pause after while on the horrible verge.
She flashed from her orbs a keen questioning glance,
Encountered his gaze by a lucky mischance,
And saw his proud hopes from despondence emerge.
"One kiss! O!" She trembles, sighs, nestles, sobs, pants.
"Our grave is prepared in the hurrying surge."

"One kiss! Yes! And when it is finished, farewell!"
 A thrill seemed to quiver the universe through.
 His tone did not sound to her heart like a knell,
 But soothed ears and soul with a somnolent spell.
 He kissed her. Ay, many times! More than she knew.
 Each kiss told a tale that his tongue could not tell.
 A part of the kiss would forever be due.

Her head slowly sank to repose on his breast.
 Her tresses around her form shimmering curled.
 An eagle soared by, floating home to his nest.
 King Light, in magnificent panoply dressed,
 Had vanished, and soon his gay flags would be furled.
 Cool shadows in skirmish line throng to the west.
 King Night is usurping the throne of the world.

The amethyst flames imperceptibly sink
 To sapphire, and die, on the western horizon.
 The lovers stand gazing in awe on the brink
 From which he bold eagle might shudderingly shrink.
 A lovelier landscape could never more rise on
 A mortal ken; yet, the glad thoughts which they think
 Are fair as this scene which they feast their four eyes on.

The wind was a bath of elixir of balm,
 Delectable unction for body and soul.
 The voices of nature were hushed, but a psalm
 Of dulcet harmonics was harped by the calm.
 Sublimity read on the scene like a scroll.
 Great Spirit! Your Lodge is this sky-walled Wigwam;
 Your torches, the stars of the infinite pole.

But Snomish was troubled. She faltered: "Behold!
 The path to the Hunting Grounds Happy grows dim.
 Their glories are fadeless; their joys, manifold;
 Their women are constant; their men of war bold;
 The trail is well trod; we are lusty of limb;
 Their summers are soft, and their winters not cold;
 Soosoon goes this eve, and goes Snomish with him."

"Ah, sweet, I am sentry," he answered. His tone
 Will ring in her heart till it moulders in dust.
 "My going I deeply regret to postpone;
 You must go alone, love, to bed, love, alone!
 The post I will keep as you sleep—Girl, you must!
 Great Spirit! a Dream send express from the throne!
 I must not betray, jot or tittle, a trust."

Together they gazed from the grand mirador;
 Together they feasted on juicy broiled venison.
 Together they tarried the skies to explore;
 Together, O, heaven! Wish not one joy more.
 Together! One being! Earth's happiest denizen.
 Together in spirit-sung song they outpour,
 Together their souls for a rapturous benison.

Before she arrived, in the lodge he had spread
 The robes of her couch. Now he bears her inside.
 She pouts, sulks, and frowns; down he puts her in bed.
 His kiss she refuses; goodnights are unsaid.
 He hurries away, his amusement to hide.
 Alone, in the Bower of Hymen! Unshed
 But shallow tears swell in the eyes of the bride.

She quenches the brands in the ashes. She rips
 Her garments in rage from her beautiful form.
 Her heart beats in thunder. Arch Mischief equips
 Her spirit with courage. She viciously whips
 The curtain aside and bounds into his warm
 Embraces. Arms girdle her shoulders and hips,
 And shame pours upon her a withering storm.

"How balmy!" she whispered. "I can not get cold, love.
 The gloom is my mantle and fits like the skin, dear.
 My blemishes no mortal eye can behold, love.
 I feel so embarrassed! so brassy! so bold, love!
 This dress is so—how can I tell you?—so thin, dear!
 But blood leaps today and tomorrow is mould, love.
 Immodesty sprang from the matrix, my twin, dear.

"A sentry must—kiss me!—keep watch, I suppose.
 But brides are not—squeeze me!—sent virgins to sleep.
 When Snomish goes—spank me!—Soosoon with her goes.
 You bring me my—pinch me!—my couch or my clothes.
 Together—caress me!—the vigils we keep.
 Are grooms not—embrace me!—more valiant than beaux?
 I love you, with soundless love, deep as the deep!"

This tale wore the hallmarks of vague superstition,
 And may have come down through a long chiliarism,
 When Lewis and Clark made their great expedition.
 One version asserts that the twain foiled ambition
 By hurling their forms from the brink of the chasm.
 But Love in that lonely, romantic position
 Made Eden of Earth in a virgin orgasm.

Third Canto
OF
“Snomish and Soosoon”

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